

JUNE ^{Vol 12}

SIX STRONG STORIES

Ten Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

JOE MITCHELL CHAPLIN

FROM PALM

TO PINE



What's What and Who's Who at Washington

In the Old Haunts of Daniel Webster

Political Conventions, Past and Present

Gov. MacCorkle on the Race Problem

Life in the Ring, by a Circus Man

Reconstruction of South Africa

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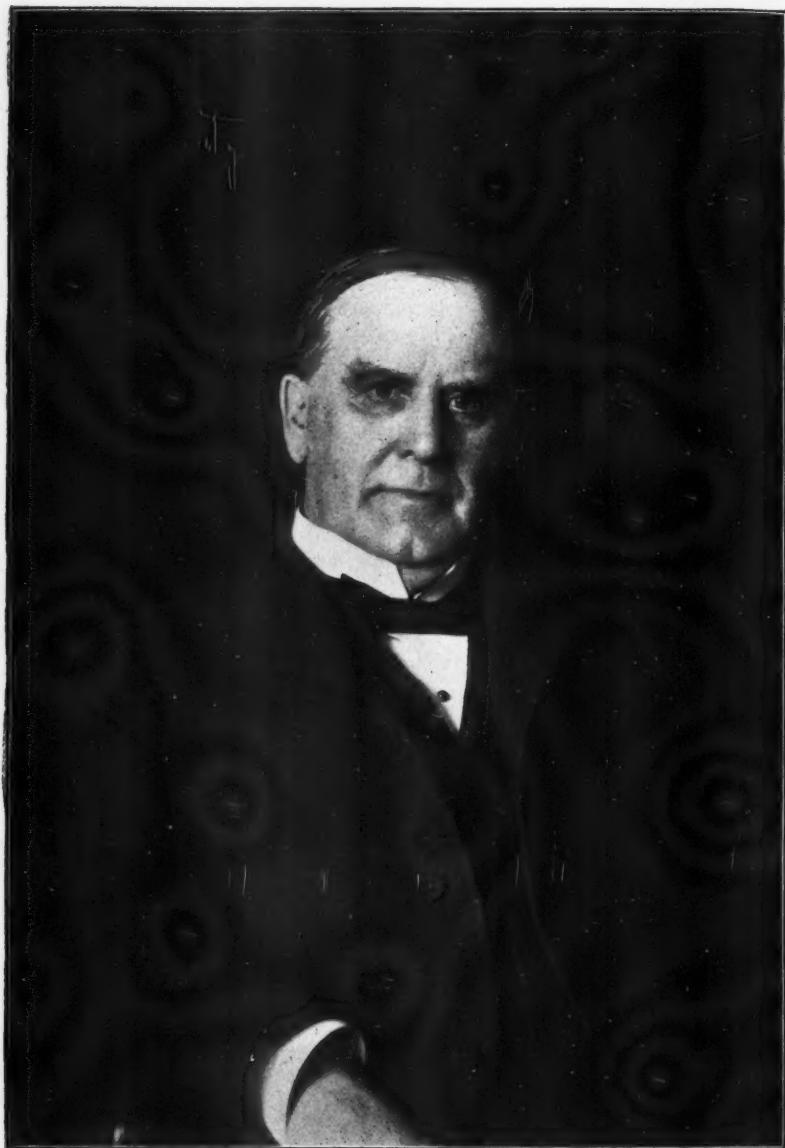
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1900

No. 3



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ONLY three summers have passed since one of the greatest epochs in our national destiny was chronicled as a fact of history, and all this since President McKinley came to live at the White House. Each recurring presidential election has a continuity and relation to past events as fascinating as a serial story.

May has been a month of sensations at Washington, and yet the absorbing events to which all public questions of four years past are more or less related are the approaching national conventions of the two great political parties. The quadrennial shifting of the slides, is after all only incidental to one centrally focused interrogation: Who is to be the man at the White House for the next four years?

As events are now shaping, the two men who are likely to be the leading candidates for the presidency in 1900 possess the sterling qualities of American manhood, no matter how much at variance may be their party principles.

It seems but a short time since I was sitting at a reporter's desk adjoining William J. Bryan at the St. Louis convention, when William Mc-

Kinley was nominated for the presidency. I did not even know the name of the sincere and energetic man who filed dispatches early and often and kept the telegraph boys going at a lively pace. To the rest of us he was the "Omaha World Herald man." Attired in a black alpaca coat, a "lay-down" collar and white lawn necktie, my first impression of the busy worker was what a splendid successor he would make to Edwin Booth! His energy was not theatric but dramatic.

During the demonstrations that followed the nomination and the adoption of the gold standard plank, many of the newspaper men stood upon their desks, joining in the huzzas, throwing copy paper, telegraph blanks and everything moveable in the air.

With lips closed tightly and an expression of defiance on his face as he hurried off the dispatches, William J. Bryan made up his mind then and there to run for president, and the comparatively unknown newspaper man here received an inspiration that a few weeks later swept the Chicago convention as a tidal wave. This is an instance showing the subtle and unexpected inter-relation of events in presidential campaigns.

Walking in the corridors of the Capitol, I met General Joseph Longstreet, the Confederate general, who won his laurels for bravery on many a hard fought battlefield, and was the man

He carries an ear trumpet about with him, and with its aid we carried on a jolly chat. There was a pathetic touch to his words when he referred to the passing away of his old com-

MRS. MARK HANNA



who tried to save General Lee from the disaster at Gettysburg. He is remarkably spry for one of four-score years. Wearing a bright red necktie and a *bouttonniere*, he keeps in touch with the moving spirit of the times.

rades, and looked about among the passing throng as if searching for a familiar face.

. . .

Not long after, I met General Daniel Sickles at the White House, where

he called to pay his respects to the President, and urge him to attend a

SENORITA DE AZPIROZ, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR



Clinedinst, photographer

reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Maryland. As the gallant one-legged hero of Gettysburg hobbled out on his crutches, wearing a jaunty bicycle cap, I could not help thinking what a flood of memories his life spanned. The man who had killed Philip Barton Key, a relative of Francis Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and was legally acquitted on the plea of justifiable homicide, afterwards offered his life and gave one leg in behalf of the same flag, lyrically immortalized by the flesh and blood of the object of his just revenge.

Automobiles continue to be the popular diversion. I saw Senator Wolcott coming around the corner at the Arlington, with Senator Allison on the seat with him. They were moving along at a rapid rate. Meeting a lady acquaintance they lifted their

hats, and Senator Allison's face was a study in expression. The half-scared, half-pleased *potpourri* bicycle smile was there, suggesting the petrified look of those riding on a roller coaster for the first time. The story is told of an automobilist who started in the mobile to attend a dinner party. When he arrived near the house a break occurred, and all efforts

MISS EDNA SIMS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR SIMS
OF TENNESSEE



to stop the machine were unavailing. The policeman was hailed, but he could do nothing, and to have attempted to dismount would have hazarded life and limb. There was only one way. The machine was allowed to run down, and 'round and 'round the square the belated guest whirled until the power gave out. Although late to dinner, there was an automobile story to relate over the coffee.

. . .

The young men of to-day realize that national legislation is a distinct profession in itself. Senator Allison, the nestor of the Senate, confesses that when he first went to Washington

he was woefully ignorant of the fundamental principles of governments, and began to lay a solid foundation by reading and thoroughly absorbing "Gibbon's Rome." It was this same painstaking, plodding effort that made Senator Allison a master of finance, and Congressman William McKinley, who was often seen carrying large bundles of papers home with him, an expert on tariff questions. He studied with that degree of sincerity and concentration that commands the respect even of opponents. There is a lesson in all this that some of the younger congressmen are taking to heart, and many of them are now seen carrying home portentous bundles with which to occupy the midnight hours.

* * *

Simmons, a colored man, the oldest messenger at the White House, came

WIFE OF THE NEW SWISS MINISTER



there about a month prior to the death of Lincoln, the day of whose death he recalls vividly, and says that he felt that there would be violent trouble of some kind before President Lincoln had completed his

second term. "On the day he was shot there was an especially sad and melancholy look in his eyes, although he was as kindly in his greetings and jovial as usual. How like a giant he used to seem as he crossed the room on his way to the war office at midnight with a shawl over his shoulders to get the latest news from the front." Simmons was also at the White House during the stormy days of Johnson's administration. Captain Loeffler, the door-keeper to President McKinley's office, was locked up with Secretary Edwin M. Stanton during the impeachment trial. They held the fort in the war room, eating and sleeping there during the six weeks of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, until General Scofield was installed secretary of war. The chief cause of the impeachment trial was the removal of Stanton, the violation of the tenure of office act, and the claim by Johnson that Congress then only represented a portion of the states. The vote was 35 guilty and 19 not guilty, seven Re-

THE MISSES MASON, DAUGHTERS OF SENATOR MASON OF ILLINOIS



publicans voting to save Johnson, and making it impossible to secure the

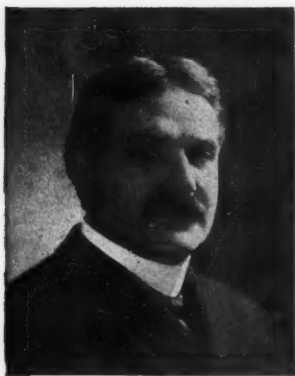
necessary majority. Simmons tells many interesting stories of those days

THOMAS F. WALSH



and he is the only White House attendant upstairs whose service reaches back to Lincoln's time. It is interesting to hear Captain Loeffler contemplate to himself who will be "next" as he open the doors for senators, representatives

G. H. WISWELL, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS,
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



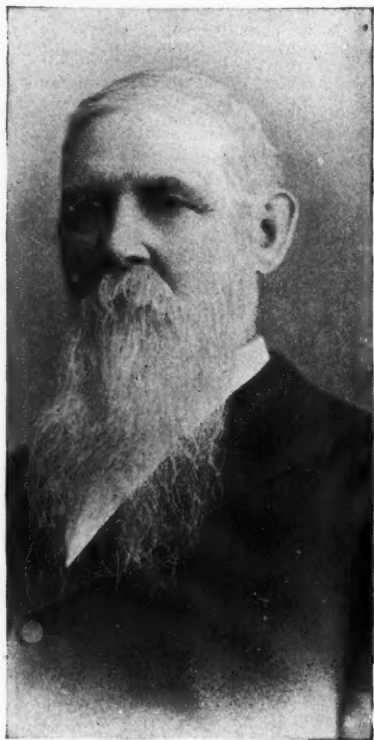
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and distinguished callers at the White House.

Political convention talk and vice-

presidential possibilities have been the absorbing topics of interest at the capitol for the month. Both political parties appear to be in the same dilemma. The heads of both tickets are practically settled, and the second place on each ticket is equally unsettled. There was a significant look on Governor Roosevelt's face

FRANK PRICE



First chairman of a Republican central committee

when he called at the White House. He glanced around like a man looking over a house preparatory to moving in. Political prophecy at this remote distance from the convention is hazardous. Secretary Long is likely to be on the ticket with President McKinley. The straws all pointed that way at one time, but political winds change with-

out regard to the best laid plans. Secretary Long was defeated on an apparently sure election to the Senate from Massachusetts by a combination of Democrats and his Republican opponents when Senator Dawes was elected, and there is no telling what may occur. And yet political affairs are now so much a part of the business and systematic calculation, that politi-

tion to the fine arts. In fact, an effort has already been made in that direction to have a *salon*, after the manner of this institution in France. The movement to have Congress purchase the old Corcoran art gallery for that purpose is headed by Mrs. J. H. Henderson, wife of the ex-senator from Missouri, and gallant and chivalrous Senator Depew is listed among its cham-

SENATOR WOLCOTT OF COLORADO IN HIS AUTOMOBILE



cal results can be more safely predicted.

. . .

Why not have a minister of fine arts at Washington? Is it not time that the American people gave some attention to artistic matters, outside of the purely political, commercial and agricultural? I have been talking this matter over with a number of prominent statesmen, and there is a strong likelihood of the example of France being followed in giving some atten-

pions. If we are ever to develop the higher artistic sentiment in America, something must be done in this direction, and Washington, the capital of the nation, should be more than a mere political centre and office brokerage mart.

. . .

One of the most marked features of the present Congress is the early prominence secured by the young congressmen, and the aggressiveness of the younger members is an

essential element in the evolution of our national life. They seem to have

HON. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK



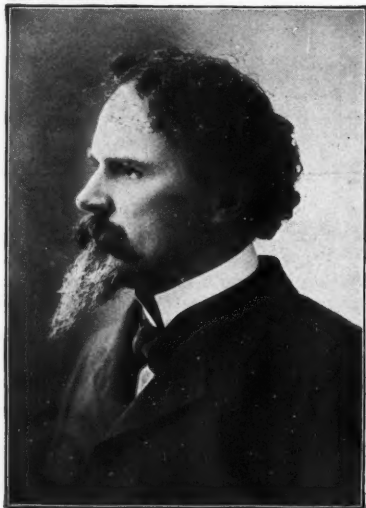
a more acute perception of the great questions growing out of recent events that many of the older members are willing to concede. Stop and consider the great questions that have come up within the past three years!

Among the young members who have grappled their work in Congress with a sincere purpose is William Astor Chanler. Scarcely thirty-three, and representing one of the most prominent congressional districts in New York City, Mr. Chanler has the close confidence of his conservative constituents on Fifth Avenue and in the Central Park district to a degree not surpassed by congressmen who have been a score of years on the floor. A strict Democrat of the old school, he is in hearty accord with the Jeffersonian spirit of expansion, and his vigorous support of the shipping bill has given him a fixed place as a progressionist. In talking

with him I was impressed with his sincerity and earnestness in taking a vigorous and courageous hold upon the questions of the hour, with the same degree of fearlessness with which he hunted lions and explored the wilds of Africa. His African experiences form a thrilling chapter in a busy life. He is in hearty sympathy with the Boers, and was active in taking care of the Boer representatives when they visited Washington. Mr. Chanler is a great-nephew of Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and is very much attached to that noble woman, who has been such an inspiration to so many young men. Quiet, unassuming, and a modest worker, he adds luster to the family name of Astor. He is going to make his mark as a statesman.

The extended trips made by President McKinley since his inauguration, four years ago, have covered more territory than that of any previous chief executive. This has followed out

HON. W. A. MAC CORKLE, EX-GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA



an original intention of General Washington that the president should visit every section of the nation at least every four years. These trips seem to carry out the purposes of the republic in having the administrative power of the government in close touch with the people. The various tours of the President, arranged by Secretary Cortelyou, have been carried on with the utmost precision and business-like system. On many of these tours of some three thousand miles, the itinerary has been so precisely arranged that the arrival at any one point did not vary from the schedule, and the return arrival occurred within twenty minutes of the time first planned. The President's visits have done much to obliterate sectional misunderstandings, and while it may not affect political opinion to any appreciable ex-

tent, it gives the people a better feeling of fellowship for the President of

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON



the United States, no matter what his party policy may be.

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY AND HIS BROTHER ABNER ENJOYING A GOOD JOKE



Washington, with its twenty-two parks laid out in triangular, circular and square plots as a repository for bulbs and seeds, is now blossoming in radiant June colors. Majestic statues of the heroes of the nation stand in the midst of trees and flowers. The stranger finding a rustic seat in the cool shadows of great old trees, is able to forget the world and its troubles. Washington never looked more beautiful than at present. But the quiet and beauty of the city is left to the enjoyment of the "lesser population." For the social feature of life at the capital is over, and the gay seek other quarters, where daily rounds form a continuation of the season closed.

The festivities were revived late in the season by the presence of Governor and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, whose visit at the time was given a particular significance in politics. But it was after all just what the governor said, a social matter purely, a promised visit to relatives, Commander and Mrs. Cowles. The dinner given in their honor by the President and Mrs. McKinley brought together a notable assemblage of guests. The music, the floral decorations and the gowns were unusually beautiful.

Judges of the Supreme court, cabinet officials and diplomats forget for a time all heavier responsibilities engrossing their lives, for a few hours daily, playing golf. For three miles around the spacious club house at Chevy Chase, stretch the links of the most aristocratic golf club in this country. Force, brilliancy and romance are added to the sport by the presence of the belles and beauties of the capital, who participate in the game. Many a romance is begun and fostered during the out-of-door, healthful recreation. Golf has done much in consigning to the past the role of

mark the progress of American womanhood, and Washington is a powerful stimulus along this line.

Among the most enthusiastic of the golf players is Justice Harlan. He declares there is no better way of learning a man's disposition than to engage him in a game of golf. "Before he has played a week," declares that jovial jurist, "I know him thoroughly." It is amusingly stated that Justice Harlan often pits himself against the attorney-general, but the significance affords only an amusing pleasantry. In flowing silks and brocades of splendor, the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang, is one of the most enthusiastic of players. And the *debonnaire* figure of

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHAKING HANDS FROM A CAR PLATFORM



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT QUINCY, ILL.



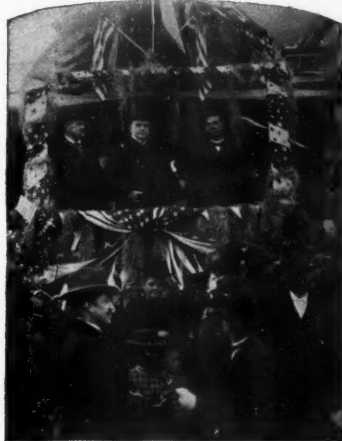
langour. Activity, energy, and an interest in the affairs of the country

Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish minister, frequently leads the field home. Ambassador Jules Cambon, prince of good fellows in his set, is a constant attendant. With graceful care he follows the ball over the long stretch making up the three mile circuit. General and Mrs. Miles enter into it with real zest, and Mrs. Miles can score fewer strokes than the general. Secretary Root and General Corbin, who have become fast friends, find relief

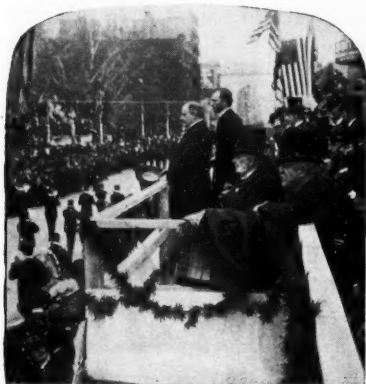
in golf, after a day replete with trying details of work and duties, as exacting as any ever imposed on an official. But among them all there is no more enthusiastic golfer than Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven. Mrs. De Koven, who has written a book on the subject, and who has attended

Paris Exposition, and Mrs. Walsh have become permanent acquisitions to

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY, GOV. JOS. E. JOHNSTON
AND BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AT TUSKEGEE



PRESIDENT MC KINLEY REVIEWING PARADE
AT MINNEAPOLIS



many tournaments, declares that some of the most remarkable scores have been made by the club. Mr. De Koven has the distinction of having laid the first golf links west of the Mississippi river.

* * *

Among the younger feminine contingent are many skilful players. Miss Merriam, daughter of the census director, and Miss Wetmore, daughter of the millionaire Rhode Island senator, are rivals for the championship this season. Miss Merriam handles the stick in a thoroughly scientific fashion. It was under her direction that Senator Depew made his appearance on the links. The play for the honors in the tournament are always exciting, and form the most interesting event of the golf season.

* * *

Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, one of the American commissioners to the

Washington society. They are from Colorado, and the Walsh fortune comprises so many millions that no one has any knowledge of its real extent. They are the latest recruits in that corps of wealthy people who have been quick to see the value of Washington as a winter residence. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh enrolled themselves not only with the social but the philanthropic side of Washington life. Frequently, clad in rugged suit, Mr. Walsh attracts attention by his enthusiastic enjoyment of even the least formal of pleasures. He shows a pleasing indifference to his acquired fortune and the new status, and would make a model copy for men of millions in many cities. Unlike Mr. Walsh, his wife is rather reserved and dignified. But those closely associated with her discover a warmth of feeling which keeps aglow the friendships formed but a few years past, before fortune's smiles passed their way. She is Paris-gowned, from the high-heeled boots to the latest creation in mili-

nery, and in it all is an artistic effect. Mrs. Walsh is a brunette. Her dark

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS, DAUGHTER OF
GENERAL GRANT



Clinedinst, Photographer

eyes and darker hair are considered in the color tone of her costume. The social functions given by the interesting host and hostess were among the most lavish of the season.

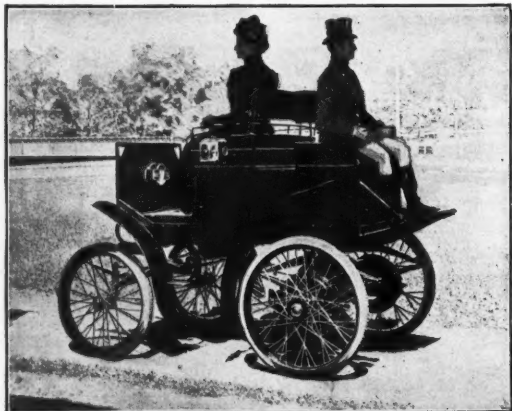
The Nicaraguan Canal Bill is past the gateways of the House, with a score of 225 to 35, and has been favorably reported to the Senate. All attempts to retain the language of the original bill for the "fortification" of the canal and to still further strengthen the wording along this line were balked. Bestowing outright an immediate ten millions of dollars for the work, it imposes a maximum limit of \$140,000,000. It authorizes the president to acquire from Costa Rica and Nicaragua control of sufficient territory on which to "excavate, construct and protect" a canal of sufficient depth and

capacity, from a point near Greytown via Lake Nicaragua and Breton to the Pacific Ocean. It was the climax of a notable debate, and the result of fifty years of agitation for an inter-oceanic canal. There was a powerful opposition, led by Mr. Cannon, chairman of the House committee on appropriations; Mr. Hitt, chairman of the foreign affairs committee; Mr. Burton, of Ohio, and Mr. Shackleford, of Missouri. The opposition was based on the arguments that no canal bill should be passed until the Senate acts on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; that the report of the Walker canal commission should be awaited, and that canal legislation should be delayed until the next session. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, championed the measure in the House.

* * *

There has never been a time when so keen an interest is taken in national and political affairs by boys and young men. The attendance at both of the great political conventions will be augmented by thousands of boys and young men sent by newspapers, schools and parents to attend for the purpose of having them informed of the move-

MISS HELEN GOULD IN HER AUTOMOBILE



ments of national life and keeping in touch with the great questions of the hour. The awakened interest of young men in the responsibilities of citizenship augurs well for the future. When they are keen to prepare for the responsibilities which they will soon be called upon to assume there is no danger of that dry, enervating indifference which is so fatal to good citizenship. The Republican convention at Philadelphia in June, and the Democratic convention at Kansas City in July, are two important facts in national history, and although neither convention is recognized as an official function of government, they are, after all, the occasions and great events which absolutely determine public policy for four years to come.

. . .

In this connection there is also interest in recalling the fact that the Republican party was first organized in Bloomington, Ill., and with Mr. Frank Price as chairman of the central committee of the "Anti-Nebraska" party. The present campaign still finds the party "Anti-Nebraskan" as far as the personality of the Democratic candidate is concerned, but the issues have changed. Mr. Price is still in active business in Chicago, with the C. & N. W. railroad, and relates many interesting incidents of the organization of the Republican party.

. . .

A new bugbear has arisen in our insular affairs. All officialdom and the

people as well have awakened to the discovery of vast frauds in the Cuban postal service that bid fair to make the American regime for the time the laughing stock of the Cubans, who were to glean little drops of wisdom from the American business methods

MRS. H. C. HANSBROUGH, WIFE OF SENATOR
HANSBROUGH OF NORTH DAKOTA



kindly operated by Uncle Sam as an object lesson. The Washington administration was quick to act, and a corps of the most expert post office sharps in the country were quickly sent thither; and, most important of all, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General John L. Bristow has been directed by the President to proceed to Cuba,

take charge of the service and bring order out of chaos. Mr. Bristow's ex-

SECRETARY OF INTERIOR HITCHCOCK, WIFE AND DAUGHTERS



ecutive ability has been demonstrated by his administration of his own office, on which there are more political de-

MISS POTTER, AND MISS WETMORE, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND



mands than any other in the government, and his successful work presages the development of a postal system on the island, that instead of making Cubans smile in derision as at present, will amaze them.

* * *

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, scholarly, influential and one of the best informed member of the foreign relations committee, has delivered a speech whose note of warning not to tread upon the Monroe Doctrine has reverberated throughout the whole

MRS. SECRETARY HAY AND DAUGHTERS



world. Mr. Lodge's close touch with the administration invests the speech with greater international significance than any other at this season, and its ring has echoed back from Kaiser Wilhelm's court and the capitals of others of the great powers. He made it clear without mentioning names that Germany was threatening to encroach upon the western hemisphere by reaching out for the Danish Islands and for a foothold in Brazil.

It was during the debate on the naval appropriation bill, and Mr. Lodge emphasized the needs of a more powerful fleet than we possess to meet the dangers from German encroachment. The speech created a profound impression, not only here, but in the inner

eyes of other nations. Then it was discovered that the "secret" which the men who make or mar the navy had discussed with so much secrecy had been known to the naval authorities long before. At the first the secret appeared to threaten the revolution of

J. F. DE ASSIS-BRASIL, ENVOY FROM BRAZIL, AND HIS FAMILY



circles of foreign governments, and it will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Tillman of South Carolina, whose wealth of wordy romance finds freest vent in attacks on the administration, discovered a supposed naval secret the other day and straightway convoked two executive sessions to deliberate over it safe from the prying

the whole field of naval warfare. It was a six inch soft-nosed shell, whose rounded tip of steel, softer than the rest of the projectile, flattens against the face of armor plate, forming a lubricant or puddle into which the shell then finds comparatively easy access. It had recently pierced a nine-inch Krupp plate at a short firing range in a test at the Indian Head

government proving grounds, and its tremendous penetrability appeared to

SENATOR DEPEW STILL ENJOYS A JOKE



some of the senators as new and demanding solemn deliberation in the first executive session the Senate has held to consider an appropriation bill for many years. The disclosure to the general public was given a sensational significance, but Senator Hale and other senators pointed out in subsequent debate that the soft-nosed shell and the penetration of either Krupp or Harveyized armor was by no means a new thing.

The naval bill always threads its passage through Congress with greater difficulty than most of the appropriation measures, and the vigorous fight of Senator Tillman of South Carolina and Chandler of New Hampshire to

curb the armor plate monopoly were the worst derelicts in the channel it had to navigate at this session. Mr. Hale, who had the bill in charge in the Senate, strenuously fought the threatened superstructure of a string of amendments, while Mr. Tillman, of pitchfork fame, whom Mr. Hale characterizes as "full of suspicion of everybody," led the attack. Mr. Tillman wanted the maximum amount to be paid for armor reduced from \$445 to \$300 per ton, and in lieu of getting that price the erection of a government armor plant, as the only saving grace in the whole controversy. He contended that the "corporation multimillionaires were sucking the sweet milk of taxes from the government cow while the people are told it is paternalism."

It is a curious commentary on the

SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA



ethics of our vaunted nineteenth century civilization that a rich man is

MISS HANNA DAUGHTER OF SENATOR HANNA



popularly supposed to possess none other than "purchased friendship" or marketable virtue. I was forcibly reminded of this prejudice while in Washington during the past month, by meeting Senator Clark of Montana. It was a rainy day, and we enjoyed a

MRS. PERRY S. HEATH, WIFE OF THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL



quiet chat in the corridor of the Senate. It was some days prior to his resigna-

tion, and he appeared to be worried over the turn affairs had taken.

When meeting a man face to face and talking with him we find that general public impressions are not always to be relied upon. While not going into the merits of his case, I am free to confess an impression that Senator Clark is a persecuted man. Public prejudice is so entirely unreasonable that it is perilous to assert a friendship or admiration for a wealthy man, inevitably exciting suspicion of motives. Despite this, I have no hesitancy in saying that Mr. Clark is a man of many fine qualities. Keen, sensitive and appreciative of the best things in life, possessing a cultivated literary taste, a devoted parent—and

MISS N. C. COOPER, DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE COOPER OF TEXAS



the self appointed sensation seeking journalistic conservators of public morals hounding him at every step. The offense of which he stands charged is at most one of degree. Who ever heard of a senatorial candidate who did not establish a headquarters where wines and cigars were promptly disposed of, or giving a dinner to those whose votes were to be cultivated? What is the most vital point of variance between bribing a constituency with thousands, or with the things that thousands will provide? Political bribery is not to be condoned, but does not justify persecution.

The distinguishing feature of the Twelfth Census is the extended and aggressive preparations, familiarizing the people in advance with the scope of the schedules and the character of the information they must furnish to the enumerator—as well as to so frame and arrange the numerous inquiries that the resulting data can be scientifically interpreted.

At the outset Director Merriam assumed that it is not so much expert tabulations and percentages as full and reliable information that makes the census valuable.

Therefore, the main problem was how to gather the facts—all of them. First, they could not come from selected classes—the educated and the methodical—but must be extracted from all; the ignorant, the careless and the recalcitrant as well as the intelligent and the willing.

Second, as the schedules could not be delivered until about the time enumerators were to take the field, the people could not know what facts they would be required to furnish until the last moment—too late to make preparations for giving them fully and accurately.

Therefore, a strong plan of missionary work was adopted, to be carried on through the twenty-one thousand newspapers in the United States.

Short, newsy articles containing real information were sent almost daily to

the 900 great newspapers in the larger cities which are supplied by the regular press associations.

Articles entirely different in style were furnished weekly to the ninety-five newspapers edited by and circulated among negroes; and still other forms were translated into the various foreign languages for the 1,300 newspapers published in the United States in thirty-two different tongues.

This comprehensive propaganda, receiving a circulation estimated at from 600,000,000 to 650,000,000 copies per month, resulted in giving the people a more thorough idea of the real character of the census than anything ever attempted in the past.

In addition to this enormous advertising, which was given freely by the newspapers for six months, every other valuable channel that would reach the people was employed. Letters were sent to all the colored pastors in the south whose addresses could be secured; circulars were mailed to nearly 7,000 pastors of churches whose congregations were not free users of the English language; hundreds of thousands of circulars were distributed through the Granges and other farmers' clubs; special articles were printed in nearly all of the beautiful catalogues issued by seedmen and florists; elaborate articles were inserted in the bulletins and other publications issued by the several states; hundreds of

thousands of circulars were distributed by the lecturers and conductors of state farmers' institutes; college professors and tutors were furnished with data as a basis for enlightening their students upon what they might expect the census to be, and various special organiza-

THE CENSUS PUNCH CARD FOR AUTOMATIC COUNTER

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tions—such as cranberry growers, fruit growers, cattle men, etc., were supplied with whatever information they desired for the enlightenment of the special classes affiliating with them and as bases for their resolutions indorsing the census and calling on their people to aid in making it a success.

ted to become entirely familiar with the workings of the census, and to know in advance the part they must play to make the grand count complete and reliable.

The census is an indispensable adjunct of a republican form of government. The Constitution requires it

HON. WM. R. MERRIAM, DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS



In the meantime, of course, the magazines and publications devoted to manufactures and industries were furnished with special matter so that, from one end of the country to the other—from pulpit, rostrum, club-room, schoolhouse, college and newspaper—the people have been permit-

to be taken every ten years for the purpose of providing an equitable basis for apportioning representatives among the several states.

The XIVth Amendment, adopted (1868) after the extinction of slavery, changed the basis of apportionment by providing for "counting the whole

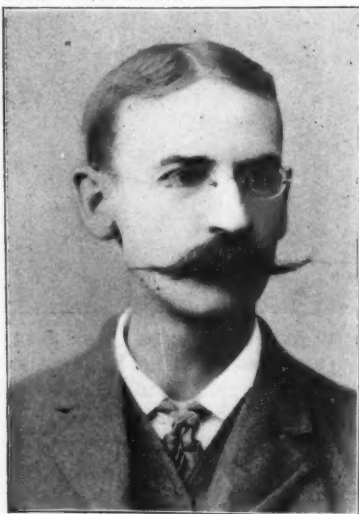
number of *persons* in each state, excluding Indians not taxed."

Thus Chinese, fugitives, insane, imbeciles, wards, prisoners and other "persons" whom the law declares cannot be participants therein, are counted to form the basis of representation.

As foreigners found in the United States in June, 1900, simply as visitors are not counted, and as American soldiers in the Philippines and West Indies, government employes performing their duties abroad, and American visitors to the Paris Exposition (if reported by their friends at home) are duly counted, the census officials evidently believe that the term "persons" properly means "legal," and not "natural" individuals. In other words, all who legally belong here, no matter where they may be temporarily, but none who do not legally belong here, no matter how numerous they may be at the time the census is taken, are counted.

Otherwise, soldiers, sailors and

WM. A. KING, IN CHARGE OF VITAL STATISTICS

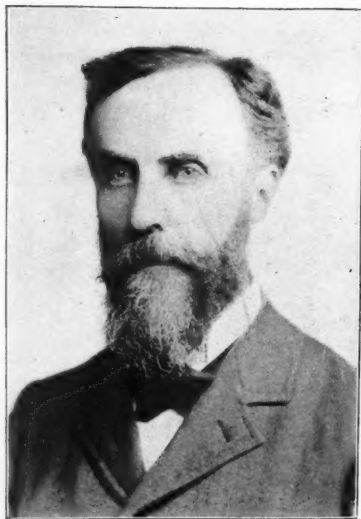


other public servants on duty outside of the United States, and citizens traveling abroad, could not, while strangers ("persons") visiting within our borders would have to be enumerated. Otherwise, also, an United States army of 200,000 "persons" stationed in Delaware to guard the coast, would be counted there, thus doubling the representation of that state and reducing the representation of other states.

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The earlier censuses were taken by marshals and deputy marshals of the United States, each of whom had to post a public notice of what he was required to do, or draw no pay for his work. The count was reported to

LE GRAND POWERS, IN CHARGE OF AGRICULTURE



and the tabulations were promulgated by the secretary of state.

Now, over 50,000 enumerators, amply supplied with blanks, maps, instructions and interpreters, and specially trained for their work by having been required to fill out dummy or test schedules previous to appointment, begin and end their work simul-

taneously from Eastport to Mendocino, from Pembina to Key West, each reporting progress at the close of every day's work, on blanks specially prepared for that purpose.

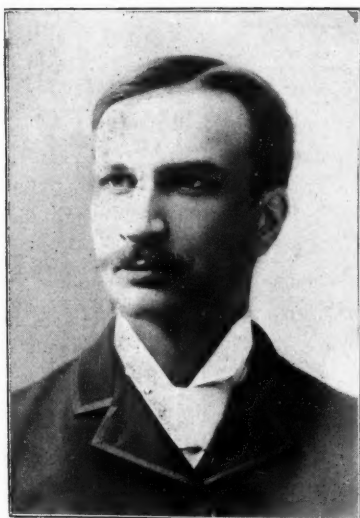
All returns must be forwarded by July 1, and the report of the remotest enumerator will probably reach the census office by July 10. After that they must be edited and perhaps some

citizens, adults and children, Germans and Scandinavians, whites and blacks,

WM. C. HUNT, IN CHARGE OF POPULATION



WALTER F. WILLCOX, IN CHARGE OF METHODS AND RESULTS



of them returned for correction; or corrections may be made by telegraph.

Congress will meet on Monday, December 3, following, and Wm. C. Hunt, chief statistician of the Division of Population, has planned to have the tabulation of inhabitants by minor civil divisions ready on that date for its use in reapportioning representatives among the several states.

To accomplish this without employing an army of clerks and expending a mint of money, he has contracted for 1,050 electric punching and 50 large electric tabulating machines.

That males and females, aliens and

etc., can be transferred from the schedules and counted and tabulated under numerous classifications by electrical machinery, is a standing mystery with the public.

The process, however, is really simple: The faces of stiff cards are subdivided into areas. In each subdivision, letters and figures representing sex, nativity, conjugal relation, color, race, age, citizenship, birthplace, number of children, etc., are printed.

The operator, who has previously been trained by punching test cards from schedules made up as nearly as possible like the actual returns, sets a card in the machine, and punches out M for male, F for female, N for naturalized, A for alien, Sw for Sweden, Un for Unknown, Jp for Japanese, and so on until the entire description of the person has been transferred from the schedule to the card.

There is a separate card for each home-owner, each dairyman, each car-

penter, each banker, etc.—in fact, for every individual in the United States—showing whether he is white or black, native or foreign-born, citizen or alien, and everything else which the census requires. When all the attributes that are to be interpreted in the census tables have been punched into the respective cards, the more bulky schedules, with their blots, erasures and obscure directions, are filed away in the archives, and the work of tabulation proceeds from the cards alone, by machinery.

The operation of the tabulating machine is entirely automatic. As the perforated cards pass through it, each perforation causes a unit to be added to the total number of units on the register, just as the perforation in the disk of a music box is made to give out a note of music. Thus, when 999 cards representing home-owning negroes have passed through, the register will read 999 in plain figures. If a card punched for a renter happens to be among the cards representing home-owners, the machine will eject it, and a card punched for a Chinaman or a white man will be ejected when negroes are being counted, and so on.

There is no possibility for the machine to err; therefore accuracy in two clerical processes only is required to secure perfect reliability—those of reading the schedules and punching the information so read upon the cards.

As the schedules are carefully edited

prior to being turned over to the punchers, and all subsequent processes are subjected to a severe system of continuous checking and counter-checking, the possibility of error is reduced to a minimum.

* * *

Although the Constitution demands no count except that of "persons," the requirements of civilization have gone on enlarging until now the census is not permitted to comprehend anything less than an enumeration of all the

items of wealth and industry of the nation, of which there are approximately 100,000—3,000 varieties of fruit and over 900 edibles called vegetables, for illustration.

This renders necessary, besides the executive and critical Division of Methods and Results (Dr. W. F. Willcox, Chief) the Division of Manufactures (S. N. D. North, Chief); Agriculture (Rev. LeGrand Powers, Chief) and Vital Statistics,

S. N. D. NORTH, IN CHARGE OF MANUFACTURES



(Wm. A. King, Chief.)

All results must be ready for the public not later than July 1, 1902—a task which, a generation ago, would have required a force of 10,000 and perhaps 15,000 clerks.

The world knows no census so comprehensive as that taken by the United States, and the pending enumeration will be the most perfect, and laid before the people within the shortest period in our history. There is always an advantage in knowing precisely our strength or weakness.

The Winning Colors



By Elizabeth Meserole Rhodes

"ON the contrary," said Miss Marjorie calmly, "I shan't wear any colors—at least till after the race."

It was the morning of the great 'Varsity race at Poughkeepsie, and they were all lounging on the veranda after breakfast. Miss Marjorie was lying back in a steamer-chair, and she looked at the Yale man as she thus replied to Mrs. Mandeville's remark, "I suppose you will wear the Cornell colors, Marjorie, in honor of Jack."

"Marjorie, that's dirt mean!" cried her Freshman cousin Jack. "Our boys are the hottest stuff on the water, and it's rank disloyalty to wear the blue."

"I haven't promised yet to wear the blue," said Marjorie, with another glance at the Yale man. "It may be carnelian. Or it may be crimson. I shall wear the winning colors."

"Permit me to present you." The Yale man made an elaborate and exaggerated bow as he held out his knot of blue ribbons. But Miss Marjorie shook her head. "After the race," she said. "I wouldn't for worlds wear losing colors."

"You fellows are pretty maddening with your insufferable superiority about Cornell," said Jack. "We're winners, I tell you. The Old Man's back of the boys."

"Why so silent, Mr. Mackenzie?" said Mrs. Mandeville. "Why aren't you pressing the claims of the crimson?"

The third man of the party looked reflectively at his hat-band. "The crimson's all right," he said loyally. But Marjorie knew why he was silent. His appeal had been made the evening before as they stood together in the shade of the vines. Their party had just returned from the Glee Club concert, and echoes of "Marjorie, Sweet Marjorie" had been ringing in the Harvard man's ears as he turned toward the girl and said: "Marjorie, won't you accept the colors with all they mean? Won't you wear the crimson of old Harvard with me, and for me, forever, little one?"

He knew that she understood him, but she only laughed merrily and said:

"I shall wear the winning colors, Phil. If Harvard wins then I'm for the crimson; if Yale wins, why then—" And before he could take her hands in his and force her to look into his eyes and read his message there, the Cornell Freshman had come out on the veranda to tell them the latest joke at the Quarters. Phil went to his room that night with mingled adoration for this winsome, independent bit of womanhood, and vexation that she

should refuse to see how he loved her, and fear lest she should choose to wear on her breast as the emblem of the man she loved, not the crimson of dear old Harvard, but the blue of Yale.

When the party assembled in the hall after an early luncheon, they displayed a motley collection of badges. Each of the men wore the hat-band of his university and the ribbons in his buttonholes. Mrs. Mandeville had a knot of Yale blue, her husband's colors. But Marjorie, when she tripped down the broad stairs, was the very impersonation of non-partisanship. From head to foot she was in white—white sailor hat, white duck gown, white Suede gloves and canvas shoes. Only in the blue of her eyes and the red and white of lips and cheeks could one find the faintest touch of the rival colors.

The ferry house was crowded when they arrived, and while the boat was drawing in, groups of collegians made the air ring with yells and songs. Across the river waited the observation train, a long yellow line in the sunlight.

"There! I didn't bring my sunshade," cried Miss Marjorie. "And the train will be quite unsheltered. I can't possibly go without it."

"O Marjorie!" muttered Jack, upon whom, as a Freshman, fell the burden of running errands. "There isn't time. The train won't wait forever." The Yale man said nothing, but he moved a step nearer the ferry-boat.

"It's so far to the house," protested Mrs. Mandeville. "Can't you do without it, Marjorie?"

"I can, of course," said Marjorie with dignity, "if no one will get it for me."

"Mr. Mackenzie, you're not going?"

"Of course I am, Mrs. Mandeville," said Phil cheerfully. "Don't wait for me. I'll meet you on the train."

Marjorie reproached herself as she watched him board the trolley car.

After all, the parsol was not important. She was a spoiled child in spite of her dignity, and dearly loved the homage of her old friend, Phil Mackenzie. But she realized that she had been very selfish and her penitence increased when the Yale man insisted that they should cross the river and wait for Phil on the observation train. "It's beastly hot here," he said, "and besides the train might move up to the start without us."

The scene on the Highlands side of the river was characteristic. There stood the long train of bare-boarded, numbered cars, rude, temporary structures, like the "bleachers" of an athletic field. The tracks were crowded with groups of collegians and rooters and pretty girls, in blue and carnelian and crimson. The shore below the track was lined with waiting groups of spectators—townspeople, ticket speculators, college fellows who were "strapped," but preferred to see this all-important race from the river-bank rather than not at all, and any number of small boys, each wearing some rag of red and white; for Poughkeepsie is loyally devoted to Cornell. Up and down the track swarmed pedlars of peanuts and chewing-gum and cigarettes and lemonade, and venders of college colors in all sorts of devices—buttons, badges, ribbons, oars and pennants.

Mrs. Mandeville pulled herself laboriously up the ladder of a Yale car, with the assistance of the Yale man from above and of Jack from below. Marjorie scrambled after her, with a consciousness of elbows and knees. Then they chose their seats and watched the ferry-boat as it pulled out of the dock.

"How long before the race?" asked Marjorie, outwardly cool, but inwardly in a fever of impatience lest Phil should lose the train.

"Twenty minutes, if they make the

start on time." The Yale man snapped the case of his watch and looked doubtfully at the river.

"Do you suppose Mr. Mackenzie will catch the train?" queried Mrs. Mandeville anxiously.

"Not a doubt of it," said the Yale man. "The ferry-boat is timed to catch it of course, and Mackenzie will catch the next boat. I haven't a doubt he's there at the ferry house now."

So he was, but alas for Poughkeepsie timetables, and alas for them that put their trust in them! Twenty minutes later the ferry-boat, loaded with passengers, was still waiting on the Poughkeepsie side of the river, and the observation train was slowly puffing up to the starting point, three miles above the bridge!

"Can't you stop it?" cried Marjorie desperately. "They must wait!" And in her vexation and self-reproach she was inwardly indignant with the Yale man when he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Mackenzie must be pretty mad to see us start. It's tough luck."

Mackenzie was mad. He was so angry that he was perfectly silent. A middle-aged man with a worn blue button was threatening to sue the company. A young fellow near him

was using up a powerful vocabulary in his efforts to state with sufficient force that he had paid fifteen dollars for his seat on that observation train.



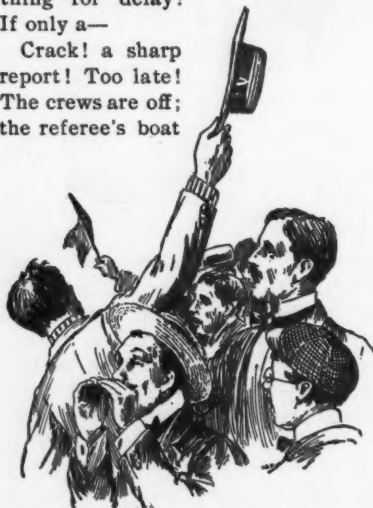
"The crimson has lost the race, but—it's won me"

Mackenzie had an insane desire to pitch the fellow overboard. A man who could consider a money loss at such a crisis deserved severe treatment. The cabins and decks of the ill-fated ferry-boat were crowded, and still the boat waited. When it finally left the dock, its decks were near the level of the water. It made but slow progress across the river. By the time it reached the other side, the observation train was out of sight.

What Mackenzie said then, it would not be fitting to repeat. His disappointment and anger found vent at last, and he cursed Poughkeepsie and its ferries with all the vigor of college youth, as he sprinted along the track in the forlorn hope that the start might be delayed and that he might yet gain the observation train. Past the cottages, past the cliffs, on and on along the dazzling sandy track he sped, in spite of the sun above and the blinding glitter of the river, in spite of the streams of perspiration trickling down his neck. On and on with ever-increasing speed, straining his eyes toward the distant point where the referee's boat and the 'Varsity launches lay, and where, as he well knew, the three shells waited, mere black specks, even at closer range. There around the curve stretched that accursed snake of an observation train. If only the start could be delayed! If a breeze would spring up, or one of the boys give out, or the referee boat spring a leak! Anything, anything for delay!

If only a—

Crack! a sharp report! Too late! The crews are off; the referee's boat



"Cornell I yell!" "Rah, rah! Harvard!"
"Brek-a-kek-kek!"

is steaming ahead; the observation train gives two premonitory jerks and glides down the track. The great 'Varsity race is on.

Under a glaring July sky, a broad blue ribbon of waves. Three black lines on the ribbon,—those are the 'Varsity shells. Look! The farthest one is a mere needle, the men are black automatic figures, bending with rhythmic stroke. You try to speak, you try to say how splendidly the men in the nearest shell are pulling, how their bare brown limbs are ridged with ropes of muscle; but the noise around you is too great. You find yourself giving down a college yell with the rest of the howling, shrieking mob. "Cornell I yell!" "Rah, rah! Harvard!" "Brek-a-kek-kek!" The din is deafening. Now you hardly know whether you are yelling with the rest, or whether you are watching, breathless, as one black line gains, by oh, so little, but still gains, gains on the others. "It's Yale!" No, Cornell!" "Cornell I yell, yell, yell Cornell!" "Now, boys, all together, the long yell: Cor-nell! Cor-nell!" "No, it's Harvard!" "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!" "Harvard!" "Harvard!"—Ah, this is only the start—only the first five minutes! By the end of ten, Harvard will be lagging behind. By the end of another five, Yale and Cornell will be fighting like grim death, the sturdy little Cornell coxswain shouting, "Remember, boys, we're not in the same class with Yale!"

It is only the lucky holders of tickets for the observation train who see the race from start to finish. Remember that the course is four miles, and the river-banks curving; realize that one must be in direct line with the shells to gain a true estimate of their relative position; and you may appreciate in part how much of the race

was visible to Mackenzie, as he stood and sweltered on the railroad track. Three black spots bearing down upon him, three black spots opposite him, three black spots moving swiftly away from him—after them, the referee boat. Then the three trim little launches. That was all that Mackenzie saw of the great race of Ninety-seven.

The observation train curved past him, a fluttering mass of carnelian, and crimson and blue. Harvard pennants jostled Yale flags. The Cornell Alma Mater of one car floated on the breeze for a second or two and was drowned in the "Brek-a-kek-kek!" of the next. Waving colors and conflicting songs and yells whirled past and vanished around the curve. Mackenzie let out one yell for Harvard, and started down the track after them.

Crack! the winner has crossed the line! One flag is down. Which? Impossible to tell at long range. The roar of some college yell at the finish is audible but indistinguishable. It is drowned in the screaming of steam-whistles from both sides of the river.

"Here's yer winnin' colors!" No mistaking the voices of the fakirs. How do they learn the news so quickly, these small boys with their oars and pennants? They never make a mistake. None but the winning colors are ever offered for sale after a race. Who would buy losing colors? Such is not the way of the world.

"Here's yer Cornell colors! Winnin' colors!" If it might only have been "Harvard colors! Winnin' colors!" No crimson on Marjorie's gown tonight! No celebrating at the Harvard quarters! A long patient year of training and coaching, of strict living and hard work and sacrifice. A whole year! then twenty minutes of pluck and nerve and strain and a year's work has gone for naught!

Mackenzie joined the crowd at the ferry, some yelling wildly, others silent and disappointed. He was relieved that he did not meet Mrs. Mandeville's party. He did not care to listen to



Jack's eulogies of the "Courtneystroke" and "Fred-die" and "Briggs."

Jack met him at the street corner. "Didn't I tell you Cornell was hot stuff? Courtney said—" Mackenzie listened wearily to his prattle.

On the veranda sat the Yale man. "Pretty tough on Harvard!" he said commiseratingly. "Better try American coaching next year." Mackenzie said something in reply—he hardly knew what—and went in.

Marjorie was just coming down stairs, cool and sweet in her white gown, a knot of red ribbons on her shoulder. She came toward him.

"Congratulations!" she said, and held out both hands.

He took her hands and held them firmly. "Guy me, *do*," he said. "I only wonder you don't ask me to wear the colors, too." And then he looked at the shoulder-knot and laughed. "You've made a mistake," he said. "You're wearing crimson."

"Because they're the winning colors," she said promptly. "Stupid, the race isn't the only thing. The crimson has lost the race, but—it's won me."

"Here's yer Cornell colors!
Winnin' colors!"



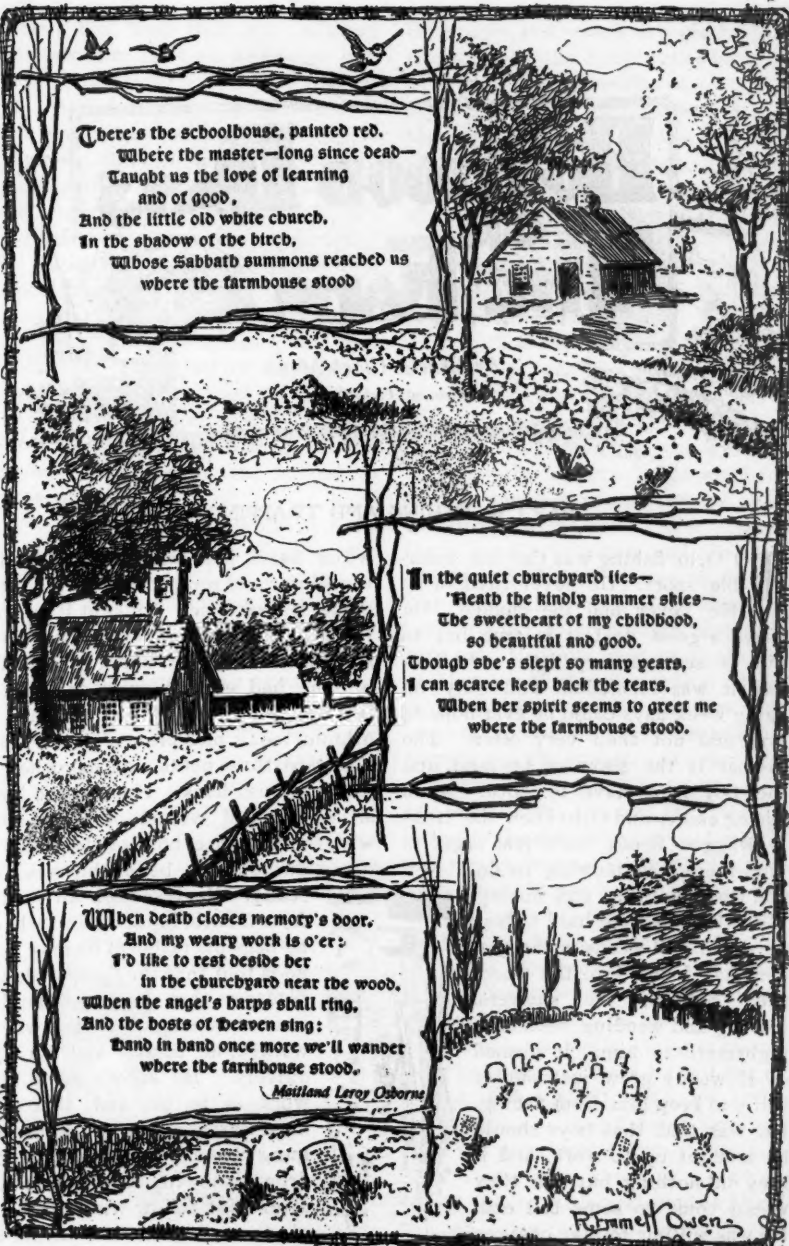
WHERE THE FARMHOUSE STOOD

When I'm feeling old and weary,
And the world seems rather dreary,
And the sun don't shine as brightly
as it should:

Then my thoughts will often roam
To my boyhood's happy home;
And recall loved scenes of childhood
where the farmhouse stood.

I hear the rumbling mill,
Resting low beyond the hill,
By the river in the shelter of the wood;
And see the shady lane,
Winding past the fields of grain,
And the sweet wild roses blooming
where the farmhouse stood.

There's the gnarled old apple tree:
How the flavor comes to me
Of the golden-russet apples
that always tasted good;
And the flag-root still must grow,
In the meadow wet and low,
As when I played in childhood
where the farmhouse stood.



There's the schoolhouse, painted red,
Where the master—long since dead—
Taught us the love of learning
and of good,
And the little old white church,
In the shadow of the birch,
Whose Sabbath summons reached us
where the farmhouse stood

In the quiet churchyard lies—
Near the kindly summer shies—
The sweetheart of my childhood,
so beautiful and good.
Though she's slept so many years,
I can scarce keep back the tears,
When her spirit seems to greet me
where the farmhouse stood.

When death closes memory's door,
And my weary work is o'er:
I'd like to rest beside her
in the churchyard near the wood.
When the angel's harp shall ring,
And the hosts of Heaven sing:
Hand in hand once more we'll wander
where the farmhouse stood.

Matiland Leroy Osborne

R. Emmet Owens



PART II—FISHING AND TRAPPING

TO Orlo, fishing was the one reliable sport. He never tired of it.

He never had the chance. He fished a good deal, it is true, but to him it seemed very little. On Sunday it was forbidden, and only on rainy week days could he ever hope to go; and not then very often. The farmer is the slave of his land, and the boy is a slave to both. When spring came, and Orlo knew the trout in Ragged Brook were just eager to bite, there was plowing to do, and then planting and hoeing. When it rained too hard to hoe, he could pull weeds in the garden and dodge into the woodshed between the showers. Hoeing and weeding became a nightmare to him. It seemed as if weeds grew just out of spite, to keep him from fishing. He was told that boys should be brought up to work, and if they did nothing but fish they would come to some bad end. He was willing to take chances on it though. He had a nice



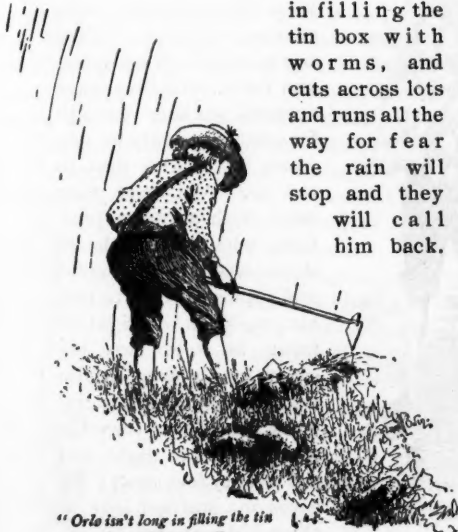
witch hazel pole which he had cut in the winter and scraped the bark off to make it look nice. He kept it on the rafters of the woodshed. For weeks since he knew it was time for trout to bite, he had eyed it every day to see if it was still there all safe. He had a fishline, too; a nice piece of linen line that cost three cents, and he owned a few rusty fish hooks. He had the line all rigged and wound on a cob, and with the tin spice box safely hidden on top of a beam, he was all ready. He had been all ready for a month, in fact. But when he begs his father if he may go, he is told that they are to plant potatoes that day, and he is wanted to help. Orlo is always wanted, he thinks, and his lip quivers. He knows what his work is to be, and that he must carry a bag of potatoes hung from one shoulder and drop them in the drills, and after that follow with a pail of plaster and ashes and throw a handful on each tuber. He

knows, too, how that vile mixture will get into his eyes and nose and make them smart. On the way to the field they cross Ragged Brook, and that is an aggravation, for just below the bridge is the nicest kind of a pool, where the foam flecks round and round beneath a willow, and Orlo just knows there is a big trout under the bank, waiting to be caught! He looks longingly at that pool as he rides by on the cart, feeling sure that some big fisherman will come along and catch that trout before he gets a chance. Why can't they let him go fishing when it's time, and not torture him with plaster and ashes? It's all wrong, and a part of the scheme to persecute him!

For a week they keep him at work all the time. If it isn't planting, it's mending fences, rubbing sprouts off the potatoes in the cellar, or odd jobs in the barn, just to take up his time and keep him away from the brook.

But at last comes a day when it rains and father says he may go fishing.

Orlo isn't long in filling the tin box with worms, and cuts across lots and runs all the way for fear the rain will stop and they will call him back.



"Orlo isn't long in filling the tin box with worms"

He knows just where to begin fishing, too; away up the brook at the head of a ravine is the nicest kind of a hole, for it is deep, dark and covered with foam flecks from a little cascade above. He arrives there out of breath and nearly wet through, but he does not know that. He is so excited and eager he can hardly stop to bait his hook; he puts a nice fat worm on, and then so anxious is he to begin, he does not stop to put the cover on his spice box, but drops both on the ground. And then the blissful, long-awaited for ecstatic moment comes and he casts the line into the pool! In an instant there is a sharp twitch and the next a trout is turning tail-springs in the air! The boy, half crazed with exultant joy, cuts an alder stringer and puts him on. He baits his hook again and another is added to the string. Then more are taken, and for the first time he puts the cover on the bait-box and starts down the stream. At every pool and turn of the brook he adds one or two to his catch. The rain falls fast; he is wet to the skin; it would not matter if it was snowing or hailing! He slips on a mossy stone and goes into the brook all over! That does not matter! Nothing matters so long as he has the tin box of bait in his pocket, all safe—and the fast growing string of trout on the bank. He cuts his foot on a sharp stone and scratches his legs on briars; he is hungry and knows he will get no dinner, and yet all these are trifles that will in no way detract one iota from the supreme delirium of his joy. A joy, the real keenness of which comes only to the long-denied and hard worked farm boy and never to his elders. And the memory of those three hours on Ragged Brook, when it



rained and he knew it not, and where a trout was caught in every pool and ripple, lasts Orlo for weeks after, while he hoes long rows of corn in the stony field, or is kept doing the never-ending succession of chores.

In the warm spring days, when the fast growing grass reminds Orlo the trout brooks are ripe, he has the fishing fever in its most acute form. The work is too pressing to seldom hope for a chance on the brooks, for even on a rainy day he can still do planting; so, as he must fish, he goes spearing suckers at night.

It is tame sport compared with trouting, still it is better than no fishing, and so he rigs a torch and murders a few suckers. The torch is a strip of bright new tin tacked half way round a circular piece of board fastened to a short handle. In the center three nails hold a piece of candle in place, and with this rude contrivance and his spear he takes himself to the meadow brook the first warm, still night. On these trips he always wants company, for a dark night in distant meadows and lonely alder swamps seems to warrant it. When the brook is reached he lights the candle and wades up the stream. He holds the torch close to the water, and by its faint light can see the bottom distinctly. Carefully he wades along till presently he spies a sucker just ahead and motionless. A few cautious steps and he is almost

over him, but the victim, unconscious of danger, rests content on the sandy bottom. Orlo's eyes are fixed on the sucker with an eager stare, while his companions on the bank stand motionless, watching the drama. The spear is poised, the boy slowly bends over till just in right position, when down goes the spear, to be withdrawn with the fish impaled thereon. It is murder, pure and simple, for the stupid suckers have no show whatever, and yet the still, dark night, and the voice of the

running brook lend a certain romance to the killing. Away up in the alder swamp, where the stream soon leads them, the darkness grows more impressive. A wierd, uncanny influence seems to gather about and hover over them. The chatter of the running brook has an unduly loud sound. The sudden hoot of an owl nearby startles all the boys and those on the bank keep close to Orlo, who carries the torch. They begin to talk in whispers, and each feels they have speared suckers enough for one night, only no one wants to be the first to say so. And here they meet with an adventure. Orlo, who is just ahead, stops wading a moment and stands upright to rest his back, when right in front he sees two big glassy eyes glaring at him from a thicket of alders! They are just on the edge of the zone of light and not twenty feet away! He gives one startled look at those hideous eyes gleam-



"A trout is turning tail-springs in the air"

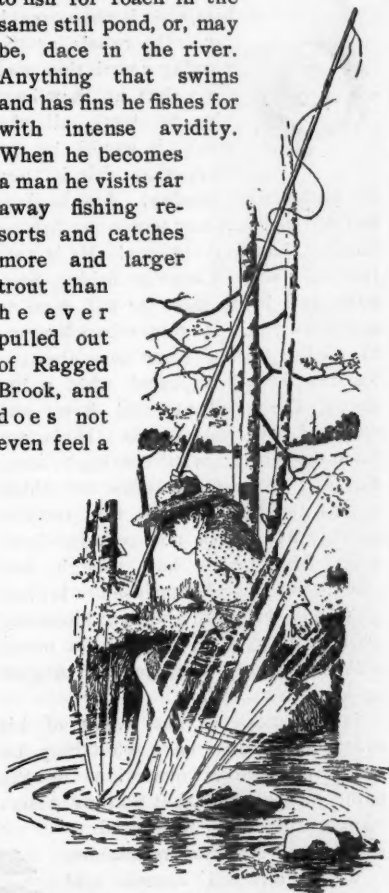
ing at him, turns and scrambles for the bank, yelling, "Run for your life!" to the other boys. He drops the spear, stumbles, falls, and the torch goes out. Being left in total darkness, does not tend to allay their fright, and when, a badly scared trio, they reach the meadow, they make the tallest kind of time home. The next day, when they return for the spear and torch they discover that those awful eyes belonged to an innocent cow that had strayed into the swamp. But it took them two days to pick out all the briars their feet and legs garnered that night.

Orlo goes bobbing for eels, also, on warm summer evenings. A bob is a string of angleworms impaled on a long piece of thread, looped into a bunch and tied to the end of a short pole. This, lowered to the bottom of a deep hole in the meadow brook, is a tempting morsel for the eel, whose teeth catch in the thread so that he may be lifted out, when he drops into the dewy grass. To take hold of him then and hold him long enough to put into a basket is quick work, and then he does not always stay there. A wet eel slipping around in wet grass is about the liveliest thing the farm boy meets, and he has some lively affairs on his hands, too, at various times; for instance, escaping an enraged bumble bee whose nest has been dis-



turbed. There is also a certain spice of excitement about bobbing for eels, produced by the fact that Orlo is never quite sure whether he has pulled out an eel or a water snake! Still it is fishing, and he is willing to take chances! He gets a little fun out of angling for horn pout in the mill pond at night; in fact, most of his fishing is done at

night. Once in a while during summer he is allowed a rainy half day to fish for roach in the same still pond, or, may be, dace in the river. Anything that swims and has fins he fishes for with intense avidity. When he becomes a man he visits far away fishing resorts and catches more and larger trout than he ever pulled out of Ragged Brook, and does not even feel a



"He slips on a mossy stone and goes into the brook all over!"

vestige of the old boyish thrill. He works harder to have a good time than he ever did hoeing corn on the farm, and fails to feel one solitary extra heartbeat. He does not see why he should not fish on Sunday, and steals away on that sacred day to Ragged Brook with a line in his pocket.

Here he cuts an alder for a rod, turns over stones to get worms and catches a few trout, just to keep in

practice. He dares not take them home, however, and, as the spirit of utility is strong within him, that is not as much fun. He rebels at the Sunday restriction and feels that, as they kept him at work all the week, it would be no more than fair if they



let him fish on Sunday. And he does not see why it is any worse to fish on Sunday than to do chores! He is told that only wicked boys go fishing Sundays, and if he does he will come to some bad end. He remembers hearing his father telling some one about a Sunday fishing trip, and what a big string they caught, and how one weighed over two pounds. He is not just sure, either, what coming to some bad end means! He does not think his father has reached that terrible condition! He is not certain, however. May be he has, though, and that is the reason he refused to let him go to mill with him and kept him doing chores all the time. And so the moral side of Sunday fishing gets all tangled up in Orlo's mind.

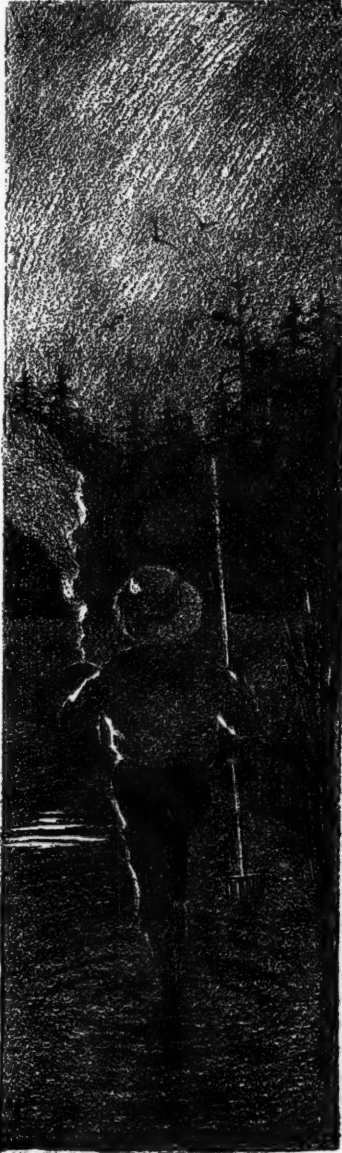
I have noticed that many of his elders now-a-days have what may be called adjustable convictions on the same subject, and that Sunday observance, as a rule, is limited to a few hundred miles from home.

When autumn comes, and Orlo hears the squirrels in the woods calling him every morning, and knows the brown nuts are ripe and that along the meadow brook and up in the alder swamp are plenty of muskrats; work and the unending succession of chores become more irksome than ever. He is not old enough to be trusted with a gun, but he owns three steel traps, and muskrat pelts are worth

from ten to fifteen cents! He is not blessed with much pocket money, either, and remembers ruefully that last Fourth of July he only had a quarter to spend for firecrackers, and that did not last long. Then there are partridges in the woods, and to catch them is great fun. Orlo imagines, too, if he can secure a few of those toothsome birds it may soften his father's heart and may be win for him the chance to go and set his traps. There is also a certain romance and wildwood mystery in trapping that he finds even more fascinating than fishing. The long tramp through the silent forest; the hunt for the signs of mink or muskrat beside the brook in the alder swamp; the discovery of fresh indications of their presence, and where they had left tracks in the mud or on some rock only the night before; all have a most wonderful charm for him. He has an inborn knowledge of the haunts and habits of every known animal that lives in the woods or swamps, and when autumn comes Orlo is sure, some Sunday morning after the chores are done, to slip away unobserved with a coil of fine wire and a hatchet hid under his jacket, and go directly to a certain ravine to build a brush fence for partridges. He knows of one leading back from swamp to upland that is just right, and here he begins his work. He cuts brush and lays it along in a row a foot or more in height; and pulls the weeds and grass on either side to stuff into chinks and make a better barrier. Every rod or two he leaves a little gateway, and when he has built his fence clear across the ravine he sets his snares. A small sapling

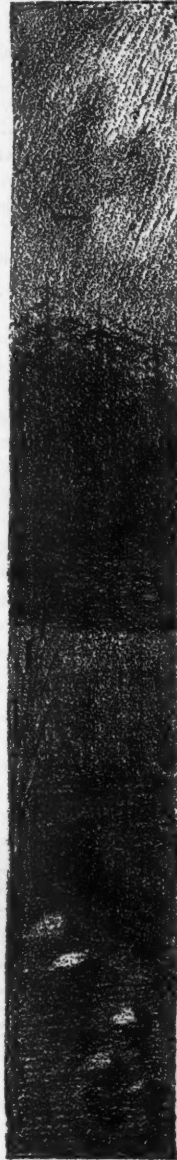


trimmed and bent over each gateway, with a wire noose at the end held in place by a toggle delicately adjusted to catch in the notches of two stakes



driven each side of the opening in the fence form the snare. He knows that partridges, like chickens, seldom fly unless disturbed, and that when they come to his brush fence, will follow alongside till they reach an opening, and then go through. Here the noose and bent sapling do their deadly work. For hours he works with a keen enjoyment of his labor, the like of which was never found in hoeing corn, and is astonished when he finds the sun well down in the west. But his fence is built, and even if he "catches it" when he gets home, there is still the delight of tending his snares the next morning, and that outweighs fear of punishment.

But the old folks are asleep when he gets back, and all is well. When chore time comes Orlo is the most willing boy on earth, and when, very early next morning, he visits his fence and brings home three nice fat birds, the old folks smile and discreetly ask no questions. If they



had known he was working all day Sunday setting snares while they were at church, it would have been their duty to whip him, of course! But they did not suspect it. Oh, no! Maybe they thought he caught the partridges in his hands that morning!

But the real joy of trapping comes later, when Orlo, again on Sunday morning, visits the alder swamp to set traps for muskrats. The night before he had carried his steel traps away from the house and hid them under the fence. This time he waits until the old folk start for meeting, and as soon as they are out of sight he is off. He feels it is best to be prudent, for they will not eat muskrats, and Orlo knows a few things for certain. When the coast is clear he wastes no time, but with his pockets full of sweet apples for bait, and the three steel traps, makes straight for the alder swamp. Cautiously he picks his way along the brook, while looking for signs, for possibly he might surprise a muskrat out sunning! Away up into the deepest part of the swamp he goes. It is very still there; the brook, deep and dark, winds and turns among the alders, and in places is almost hid by the tall growth of sedge

grass. He peers and peeps into all the openings in the bank, ever watching for signs. He finds a good place and sets one trap! then another. Before he places the third he hunts for an extra good spot, and when that is found he goes on and finds a still better one; then returns, takes up the first trap and sets it over. He has only three, and he wants to be sure they all count. After that he goes off into another swamp, still looking for signs. He has no more traps to set, but he enjoys finding "signs." Into deep and tangled swamp thickets, under bog banks, around spring holes, he looks for "signs!" There are many, and he finds traces of both mink and muskrat all about. While thus, he hunts he builds air castles, and they take the form of a bark wigwam close beside some running brook, and all around he has countless traps set for various kinds of game. What a delightful life that would be, he thinks, to do nothing but set traps and tend them all the year round! When he grows up he will buy ever so many traps; go into some distant wilderness, build a hut, and fish, hunt and trap for the rest of his life. When he returns home and to chores, his mind is all on those traps. He goes about as if in a trance. When darkness comes he wonders if just now a big muskrat isn't nibbling the sweet apples, or possibly has his paw caught in a trap. He can hardly wait for morning, when he can go and tend them. In his dreams that night he sees those traps, and all about each are one or more muskrats, just ready to be caught. Long before the first faint glow of early dawn, he is up and away! If setting traps was delight, tending them is supreme joy. The morning is crisp and cold, and the grass white with frost; but that bare-foot boy, as he scampers across



"Right in front he sees two big glassy eyes!"

meadow and pasture knows it not! When he comes to the swamp he goes more slowly, for the critical moment is nearing, and he almost dreads to look at the first trap, lest he meet disappointment. Cautiously he creeps through the alders till he is nearly there, and then his heart begins to throb. He stops and listens; all is still. Just ahead are the two bunches of sedge grass between which he set the first trap. He tip-toes close, and then his heart sinks, for there in the muddy pathway between them is his trap undisturbed. It was set just under water, and half hid by swamp moss, and around it he had placed halves of apples on sticks thrust in the mud. There they were, untouched and white with frost! He hurries to the next one, and here he finds a little consolation, for the bait is gone and the trap sprung. But his bright hopes seem fading fast, for only one more more trap is ahead, and he feels if that does not score his heart will be broken. He had felt sure he would find a prize in each, and now two have failed him. He really dreads to reach the third and last one! He had set it in a most tempting spot, right at the entrance to a well worn path from the brook to the uplands, but so were the others as well placed. Breathless and with loudly beating heart he comes nearer. One step more and he will know the best or worst! He takes it, and then a cry of joy escapes him, for there in the middle of the brook, fast in the trap, and poised dead and motionless in the water, is a big, brown monster muskrat! It is a supreme moment for Orlo, and its delight is made all the keener by the failure of the other two traps. With eager hands he draws his prize ashore and feasts his eyes upon it! It is a prize to him indeed, for its glossy brown pelt when dried will sell for at least

twelve or fifteen cents! He carries it home so proud and happy that his



"A big brown, monster muskrat"

bare feet feel not the frost, nor his empty stomach the want of food.

In after years, when he spends more dollars than that miserable skin brought pennies, in a vain endeavor to obtain one-tenth as much enjoyment as the capture of that muskrat brought him, and fails; he wonders why it is! He cannot realize he has changed so much, and wonders why! He even visits the old brook and tries for trout in the same old pools, but it only results in his wishing he was a boy again, and ends in a heart-ache. Try how and where he will, he finds that only boyhood has the keys of unadulterated joy, and when age has locked its portals they are locked for good.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XIV. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans. He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery. Griswold, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Miss Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat and a mutual recognition ensues. She is much disturbed by the thought that she must point him out to the law. Griswold, thinking to escape, looks for the bundle in which is hidden the money, discovers that it is gone, and remains on the boat. Being accosted by Miss Farnham, he acknowledges his identity and tells her that she must inform the authorities. She does so, and at the St. Louis landing sees the officers of the law fall upon Griswold. In the meantime he has found the money again, and escaping from his captors, makes an entire change in his appearance and takes the midnight train for Wabaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Miss Grierson, daughter of a wealthy magnate, is trying to reconstruct the social fabric of Wabaska, and is ignored by some of the older families.

XV.

WHEN Margery entered her father's private office after her small triumph at Raymer's expense, her plan of campaign had taken a more definite shape. The president was busy at his desk, but he turned to say, "Want to see me, Maggie?" And when she nodded, he reached for his check-book.

"No, it isn't money, this time. Has Mr. Raymer an account with you?"

"Yes."

"Is it an accommodation to you?"

Grierson's laugh was of contempt. "Hardly. The shoe's on the other foot."

"You mean that he has borrowed from you?"

"Not yet, but he wants to."

"What for?"

"To enlarge his plant. He's like all the other fools; ain't content to grow with his capital."

"Are you going to stake him?" Margery waged relentless war with her inclination to lapse into the speech of the mining-camps, but she still stumbled now and then.

"I guess not; I've never had much use for him."

"Why haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's a stand-off. He hasn't much use for me. I offered to incorporate his outfit for him six months ago, and told him I'd take fifty-one per cent of the stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it."

Margery's laugh might have meant anything from applause to derision.

"How singular! But now he is willing to let you help him?"

"Not that way. He wants to borrow money of the bank, and give a mortgage on the plant. It's safe enough, but I don't believe I'll do it."

"But I want you to do it."

"The dickens you do! Say, little girl, do you know you're carrying things with a pretty high hand?"

"I haven't made you lose any money yet, have I?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, I'm not going to begin now. Lend him what he wants; you say the security is good."

"I'll be hanged if I can see what you're driving at."

"You don't have to see," she said, imperturbably. "But I don't mind telling you. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to put me down."

Grierson's laugh was a guffaw. "That won't work a little bit, Madge."

"Why won't it?"

"Because he ain't the man to go to his women when he gets into trouble. They'll go on bluffing you just the same."

She looked at him through narrow-

ing eyelids. "You know a good deal, poppa mine, but you don't know everything. Mr. Raymer's interest in the Iron Works is only one-fourth. The other three-fourths belong to Mrs. Raymer and Gertrude."

The magnate nodded intelligence, and made a memorandum. "I savez; I'll break the syndicate for you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You'll let Mr. Raymer get into deep water, and then, when I say the word, you'll pull him out."

"The mischief I will! Do you know how much he wants to borrow?"

"No, and I don't care. The more the better."

Jasper Grierson thought about it for a moment. Then he made a check-mark against the memorandum on the calendar pad.

"All right; go ahead. But you'll have to keep tab yourself, and say when. I can't be bothered keeping the run of your society tea-parties."

"I don't want you to. Don't be late to dinner to-night. The Rodneys are coming."

When she was gone, Jasper Grierson tilted back in the pivot-chair and lighted a cigar. After a bit his reflections found voice.

"By jing! I believe she thought she was fooling me! But it's too thin. I suppose she does want to make the women kowtow, but that isn't all there is to it, by a jugful. All the same, I'll back her to win."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the banker's office the next morning he was treading upon air, and in his mind's eye there was a picture of a great industry to be builded upon the extension of credit promised by Jasper Grierson.

XVI.

Griswold had landed in Wahaska on the day following his flight from St.

Louis too ill to care much about anything. But he was sane enough to find a bank, to rent a safety deposit box, and to lock the treasure into it before he resigned himself to the inevitable, allowing himself to be put to bed in his room at the St. James, with hot water bottles at his feet and a bag of chopped ice on his head.

For a fortnight he hung tremulous on the verge of collapse, and was kept from tumbling in only by a just horror of being seriously ill in a hotel. At the end of the fortnight he made shift to go out and find a boarding place; and the effort, coupled with the conviction that he might safely trust himself in the hands of motherly Mrs. Holcomb, pushed him over the verge.

Here Doctor Farnham found him tossing in delirium, and his verdict was promptly pronounced.

"Typhoid-malaria, Mrs. Holcomb; and a relapse, at that. What are you going to do with him?"

"What should I do but take care of him?" said the motherly one.

"You can't do it alone; it's no woman's job."

"Then we must get a man. There's Sven Oleson; he's out of work."

The doctor smiled. "Nobody but you would ever think of making a nurse out of that great, overgrown child. But maybe he'll do. I'll hunt him up and send him over. Where did you say this young man hails from?"

"New York, he says."

"Humph! that's odd. I should say he has been soaking himself full of malaria in the Yazoo swamps. But how about the expenses? Has he any money?"

"Plenty, I think. He paid a month in advance, and when he went to bed he told me where to find his pocket-book."

"Poor fellow! I guess he was glad

enough to find somebody he could trust. Well, we'll do what we can for him; and I'll send Sven."

So it came about that the mild-eyed Swede was installed as Griswold's nurse. Luckily, Oleson understood but little English, and the sick man's ravings about the bank robbery meant nothing to him: but Doctor Farnham heard them and wondered. Curiously enough, a small thing satisfied the wonder, and that was the mention made by Mrs. Holcomb of his patient's calling.

"H—m; an author is he? That accounts for his harping so continually upon that bank robbery story. It's a part of his plot."

It was the first of May when Griswold took possession of Mrs. Holcomb's spare bed-room; and it was a full month later when Doctor Farnham pronounced him out of danger and in a fair way to recover if he took care of himself.

During the weeks of convalescence he met many of Mrs. Holcomb's friends and neighbors, and among them the Raymers. The mother and daughter came with dainties for the widow's invalid; and later on they brought Edward, who was bookish enough in his leisure moments to be interested in one who was even a potential writer of books.

That acquaintance ripened into friendship, and Griswold's first outing was a ride in Raymer's buggy to the Iron Works.

Here the two young men met upon new common ground. Raymer was, or he meant to be, a model employer; and when he found that the convalescent was an enthusiastic student of the vexed problem of master and man, he unbosomed himself freely.

"I've been enlarging, as you see," he explained. "But when I get on my feet and out of debt I'm going to try a

plan my father had in mind—profit-sharing with the men."

"Good," said Griswold. "I wish I might be in it with you. I'd like to flail that out with you when I'm fit."

"So you shall, but not yet." They were on the way back to Mrs. Holcomb's, and Raymer asked if the drive had tired him.

"No indeed; I feel better for it."

"Are you equal to an evening out?"

"I guess so, if it's sufficiently mild."

"It'll be mild enough. You know we have a magnate here, Mr. Jasper Grierson?"

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, he has a daughter, and this is her 'evening.' I'm commanded to produce you as soon as you're able."

"I'll go, though I shan't know any one but your mother and Miss Gertrude."

Raymer laughed, and then blushed. "They won't be there. That is—Oh pshaw! I suppose I may as well tell you first as last. There are two social cliques here, a big one and a little one. Miss Grierson is *la dame d'honneur* of the first, and my mother and Gertrude affiliate with the other."

"I see," said Griswold. "And you hold an even balance between the two."

"N-o—not exactly. But I'm under obligations to Grierson and can't afford to be offish. But Miss Margery is a very clever little person, and well worth knowing on her own account. I'll call by for you with the buggy at nine."

"Thank you," said the convalescent; adding, as if it were an afterthought: "Will Miss Farnham be there?"

"Hardly," rejoined Raymer, gathering up the reins. "She is with the minority, too. Queer little world, isn't it? So long, till this evening. Better go in and lie down awhile."

XVII.

On the way to Miss Grierson's "evening" Griswold amused himself by speculating upon the probable barbarism of a country reception. Without suspecting it, he was insular to a degree little short of Britannic; but he meant to be very good-natured and charitable, and to do what one man might toward ameliorating the barbarisms.

Wherefore he was properly humiliated when they were met at the door of the Grierson mansion by trained servants and announced in the drawing-room with such pomp and circumstance as was neither countrified nor barbaric. In good truth the revulsion was so great that it was he, and not Miss Grierson, who was embarrassed when Raymer introduced him.

"How good of you to come to us on your first day out, Mr. Griswold. Let me make you comfortable." She piled the cushions in a corner of the wide divan and made him sit down. "You are just to be an invalid this evening, you know. I'm not going to let any one bore you."

Griswold gasped once or twice and grappled manfully with the facts. A young girl was at the piano; there was a pleasant hum of conversation; everybody—himself excepted—seemed quite at ease; the lights were not glaring; the furnishings were not in bad taste; in a word, the keynote was altogether well mannered and urban and conventional.

And his hostess. . . Griswold had met beautiful women, but none to compare with her. She shone upon and dazzled him. The charm was purely sensuous, and he knew it, but he basked in it like a lizard in the sun. But he was forgetting to thank her.

"Forgive me, Miss Grierson; I'm not usually tongue-tied. But it is all so charmingly homelike; so vastly—"

She supplied the word with a silvery little laugh.

"Different: I know. You thought we were barbarians, and so we used to be. But we're improving. I wish you could have known the old Wahaska."

"I can imagine it," he said.

"I wonder if you can. They used to sit around the edges of the room and behave themselves just as hard as they could, and bore each other to death."

"It's a miracle," he said, giving her full credit. "I'd like to know how you did it."

She laughed lightly and did not deny her handiwork. "It was simple enough. When we came here I found a lot of good people who had fallen into a way of boring one another, and a few who hadn't; but these last held aloof. We opened our house to the many, and tried to show them that a church sociable wasn't exactly the acme of social enjoyment."

Griswold saw in his mind's eye a sharply etched picture of the rise of a village magnate. Verily, Miss Grierson had imagination.

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he said. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I must confess that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and only an ascetic of necessity."

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy, and hardened to endure."

"I'm not an author," he corrected, with vanity struggling to muzzle the protest. "I have written but one book, and that has not yet seen the light."

"But it will," she asserted, confidently. "Tell me about it."

Now, Griswold was no babbler, but the charm of her personality was upon him, and before he knew what he was about he was telling her of the

dead book, its purpose, and its failure.

"But you are not going to give it up," she said, when he had made an end.

"No; it's my message, and I shall yet deliver it."

"Bravo! That is the spirit that wins, always. And when you get blue and discouraged you must come here and let me cheer you. Cheering people is my mission, if I have any."

Griswold's pale face flushed and his finger-tips tingled again. "You are very kind; kind and charitable. I think sympathy has been an unknown quantity in my equation. May I really come to see you, as a friend?"

"Haven't I said it?" she asked; and she might have emphasized it had not Raymer come to take Griswold home.

Raymer's sorrel had covered half the distance from the lake edge to Mrs. Holcomb's before its owner said: "Well, how near do we come to aping the manners of the effete East?"

"I'm no authority," said Griswold; adding as a salve: "I enjoyed it."

"Then you weren't bored?"

"I fancy Miss Grierson doesn't often bore people, does she?"

"No; she has a knack of stroking you the right way. It takes her father to do the other thing."

"The magnate? I thought you said he was a public benefactor."

"Did I? We've told ourselves that till we've come to believe it. But he's principally for Jasper Grierson, at bottom."

"Naturally. Greed is the Juggernaut of this end of the century."

"Bah! that's a sheer platitude in your mouth, Griswold. You don't know anything about it; you men of letters and leisure. It's simply a savage fight for survival, and the man with the money wins."

"Yes? I believe I've said some such thing myself. But I've been hoping you'd managed to escape."

"I might have escaped. I was doing well enough, but I couldn't stand it to see the town growing away from me. So I borrowed money and spread myself; and now I'm fighting for dear life with the rest of them."

Griswold's comment was brief and to the point. "Tell me about it," he said.

"It's a short horse and soon curried," said the iron master, bitterly. "Two months ago I borrowed \$95,000 of Jasper Grierson's bank. I gave him a sixty-day note and a mortgage, with the verbal understanding that I was to have my own time for payment. The sixty days will be up Tuesday, and he has notified me that I must lift a third of the indebtedness on that day."

"A third!"

"Yes. Of course it's preposterous. He knew all the circumstances at the time; that the loan was a building fund which couldn't bear fruit until it was planted."

Griswold shook his head. "You certainly took terrific chances."

"Didn't I? It proves what a man will do when he is greed-bitten. And the worst of it is that three-fourths of the original capital belong to my mother and sister, and they were both distrustful of the spread-eagle move with Grierson as a backer."

Griswold was silent while the sorrel was measuring a full square. Then he said: "What is Grierson's object?"

"I don't know. To break me or to own me, I suppose."

"There may be an alternative; what was it you told me this morning about the little social melee?"

Raymer pulled the sorrel up short. "Heavens! you don't suppose she has put him up to it for that!"

"I suppose nothing that involves Miss Grierson. But isn't it possible that her father may be resentful for her? I believe if you could persuade

your mother and Miss Gertrude to call—"

Raymer's laugh was not mirthful. "You would be the last man in the world to act upon a suggestion of that sort, yourself, Griswold."

"Oh, I don't know. If it is only a little social friction—"

"It's more than that; though why it should be, I don't know. I believe my mother and Gerty would face beggary cheerfully before they would pay that price. Anyway, I shan't ask them."

"What will you do?"

"If I knew, I shouldn't be unloading my grief on you."

They had reached Mrs. Holcomb's gate, and Raymer cramped the buggy at the kerb. But Griswold did not get out. Instead, he put one hand on Raymer's knee and said: "Have you ever thought of taking a partner?"

Raymer's smile was a mere grimace. "It begins to look as if I should have to take one that I don't want."

"It needn't come to that. I have some money which I want to invest where it will do the most good to the greatest number. You spoke this morning of some plans you had in view for the betterment of your workmen. If you will carry them out, and let me help, we can arrange a little surprise for Mr. Grierson."

Raymer was stupefied, as he had a good right to be. But he managed to ask how.

"In the simplest way imaginable. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will give you the money to take up your note and the mortgage."

"You? But, Griswold, man, you didn't understand me. It's ninety-five—thousand dollars?" He said it slowly, so that the misunderstanding might be removed.

Griswold climbed out of the buggy carefully, as befitted his weakness. But when he turned to say good-night

his grasp was the grasp of an athlete.

"I understand you perfectly, my dear fellow. You shall have it all, and a little more, if you need it. And when you've broken the Grierson grip, we'll talk about the partnership. Good-night."

XVIII.

After all, it was Raymer who was responsible for Griswold's introduction to Charlotte and her aunt. It was after the partnership—a silent partnership by Griswold's express condition—had been formed, and Griswold had been taken into the Raymer household as well as into the Raymer firm.

It was thus that he found himself included in a family invitation to the doctor's, and it was thus that Raymer became his sponsor. Not that a sponsor was greatly needed. The good doctor had come to know and to love his sometime patient, and the invitation to Griswold in his proper person had not been lacking.

It was inevitable that he should meet Miss Farnham with some degree of restraint, and that the entire evening should scarcely suffice for its effacement. As a matter of fact, it was not properly effaced until the time came for an adjournment to the broad veranda, and the darkness of the starlit night helped him. He fancied, and assured himself a hundred times that it was only fancy, that he could now and then surprise a vague question in the cool gray eyes; and with the eyes in abeyance he felt more at ease.

"You are new to our northern summers, aren't you, Mr. Griswold?" she asked, when they were comfortably established out of doors, and the general talk had subsided sufficiently to admit of dialogue.

"Altogether new; and they are very delightful, if this is an earnest. What a

charming prospect you have here with the lake for a vista. But for that matter, Wahaska is an ideal place."

Her laugh had not in it the tinkle of silver bells, like Miss Grierson's, but it was as honest as the gray eyes.

"Ideal?—after New York?"

"After any great city. I firmly believe the time will come when none but the sordid ones will live in the great centers."

"That would be ideal, surely. But I can't argue with you. I don't know any of the cities, to really know them. Passing through isn't even a speaking acquaintance."

"No; and yet they impress one even at sight."

"Yes. And, after all, their units are the units of humanity, and humanity is the same. For instance, I imagine one could go over there and get a very good idea of the human side of New Orleans." She pointed to the summer resort hotel on the point beyond the Grierson mansion which had been opened within the week.

"I presume so," he assented; and then he asked if they ever met any of the summer people.

"Not intentionally," she laughed. "They bring their own social atmosphere with them and ask little of us. We did meet one young man last summer; a Mr. Lucius Bainbridge."

"Bainbridge?" echoed Griswold. "Why, I know—that is—er—I used to know some Bainbridges in New York."

"Did you? Mr. Lucius Bainbridge was from New York, originally, I believe. He is a newspaper man in New Orleans."

Griswold was struck dumb with this fresh proof of the extreme narrowness of the world, and wondered what would happen if Bainbridge should perchance come again and find him in Wahaska. He changed the subject

with a violent wrench and said:

"The new opera house is to be opened next week. I wonder if the company will be worth going to see?"

"You surprise me," she said. "Haven't you heard that Mr. Grierson is to import it especially for this occasion?"

"I hadn't heard. Is your aunt able to go out in the evening?"

"Not to anything as prolonged as an opera sitting."

"Oh; I'm sorry." He turned to Mrs. Raymer. "Mrs. Raymer, could you be induced to chaperon a theatre party next Monday evening?"

"You're too late," was the reply. "We are all going, and you are included."

Griswold turned quickly to Charlotte. "May I call for you and your father?"

She gave him permission, and after that the *tête-à-tête* passed to other things; to a gay party steaming past in a lighted launch, for one.

"Is that the hotel launch?" he asked.

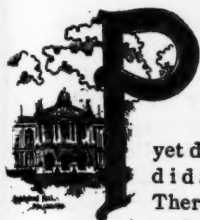
"No, indeed; you are quite behind the times. That is Mr. Grierson's boat with a party from Mereside."

The Farnham lawn sloped quickly to the waterside, and the launch was steaming slowly along within a stone's throw of the group on the veranda. The little steamer carried its own dynamo and was ablaze with electric lights. Griswold saw the party as it passed in review; saw Miss Grierson at the wheel in the bow, and saw the banker lounging in the stern sheets. With the exception of her father and one other, Miss Grierson's guests were all young people; but Griswold caught his breath when he recognized the portly figure sitting erect beside the banker. Truly, he had seen the clean-shaven face with its long upper lip but once, but that once was enough. It was Mr. Andrew Galbraith.

(To be continued)

NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS

By Guy M. Burnham



POLITICAL conventions do not always name the popular choice, but they afford the best means yet devised for placing candidates in nomination. There was no party organization until 1792. Up to 1824, presidential electors were chosen by the legislatures of the several states, and nothing but public opinion prevents the present state legislatures from continuing that system.

National conventions are not recognized by law. They are purely party customs. The curious anomaly is presented in some states of laws regulating the conduct of caucuses, while the culmination of all the caucuses, the national convention, is not recognized by the law at all.

After all, looking back over the century, how evenly have the two great parties been divided; for there are but two great parties. The satirical, term them the "ins" and the "outs," but

broadly speaking, they are the strict constructionists and the loose constructionists. The first is the party of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Cleveland and of Bryan. It believes that the government has no powers that are not expressly mentioned in the constitution, and that the states have all powers not mentioned therein. The loose constructionists—the party of Washington, of Lincoln and of McKinley—believe that the expression, "the general welfare," in the preamble of the constitution, is an elastic term, and that the nation is not an aggregation of loosely connected states, but a strong nation, with power to suppress rebellion, to stimulate and promote internal improvements, and even to annex foreign territory, or as one of its advocates said in a recent congressional debate, in answer to an objection that the United States had no power to annex the Philippines: "This nation is not deformed. It has all the power of a healthy, full grown and powerful nation."

Since the organization of the government, 112 years ago, the loose constructionists and the strict constructionists have each been in power exactly half the time—56 years each—as shown in the following table. So it is 56 "in" and 56 "out."

<i>George Washington</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>John Adams</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>John Q. Adams</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>William Henry Harrison</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>Zachary Taylor</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>Ulysses S. Grant</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>Rutherford B. Hayes</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>James A. Garfield</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>Benjamin Harrison</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>William McKinley</i>	<i>4 years</i>
Total	56 years

<i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>James Madison</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>James Monroe</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>Andrew Jackson</i>	<i>8 years</i>
<i>Martin Van Buren</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>James K. Polk</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>Franklin Pierce</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>James Buchanan</i>	<i>4 years</i>
<i>Grover Cleveland</i>	<i>8 years</i>
Total	56 years

Henry Clay was the most conspicuous example of thwarted presidential ambition. He led his party in 1824, 1832 and 1844, when there was no chance of his election; but in 1848, when the Whigs felt they could elect their candidate, they picked up a man unknown to politics and elected him. Clay was a candidate and the leading man of his party from 1820 to 1850.

Webster sought the nomination time and again. In 1848, the nomination seemed within his grasp, and upon the nomination of Taylor, he declared it "not fit to be made;" and a few years later died of a broken heart, disappointed in his highest ambition. James G. Blaine was a candidate for nearly twenty years, from 1876 to 1892; but Blaine resembled Clay, inasmuch as he never allowed his disappointments to swerve his loyalty to party.

There is a wide difference in principle between Republican and Democratic national conventions. The composition of the Republican convention is very simple. Every congressional district in the United States is entitled to two delegates, and every state is entitled to four, and every territory two. Delegates from the congressional districts are elected by district conventions, those from the states at large by state conventions. It will be seen, therefore, that from the forty-five states, in all, 180 delegates are chosen by state conventions, the great mass of the delegates being chosen by congressional conventions. This brings the selection of the delegates quite close to the people.

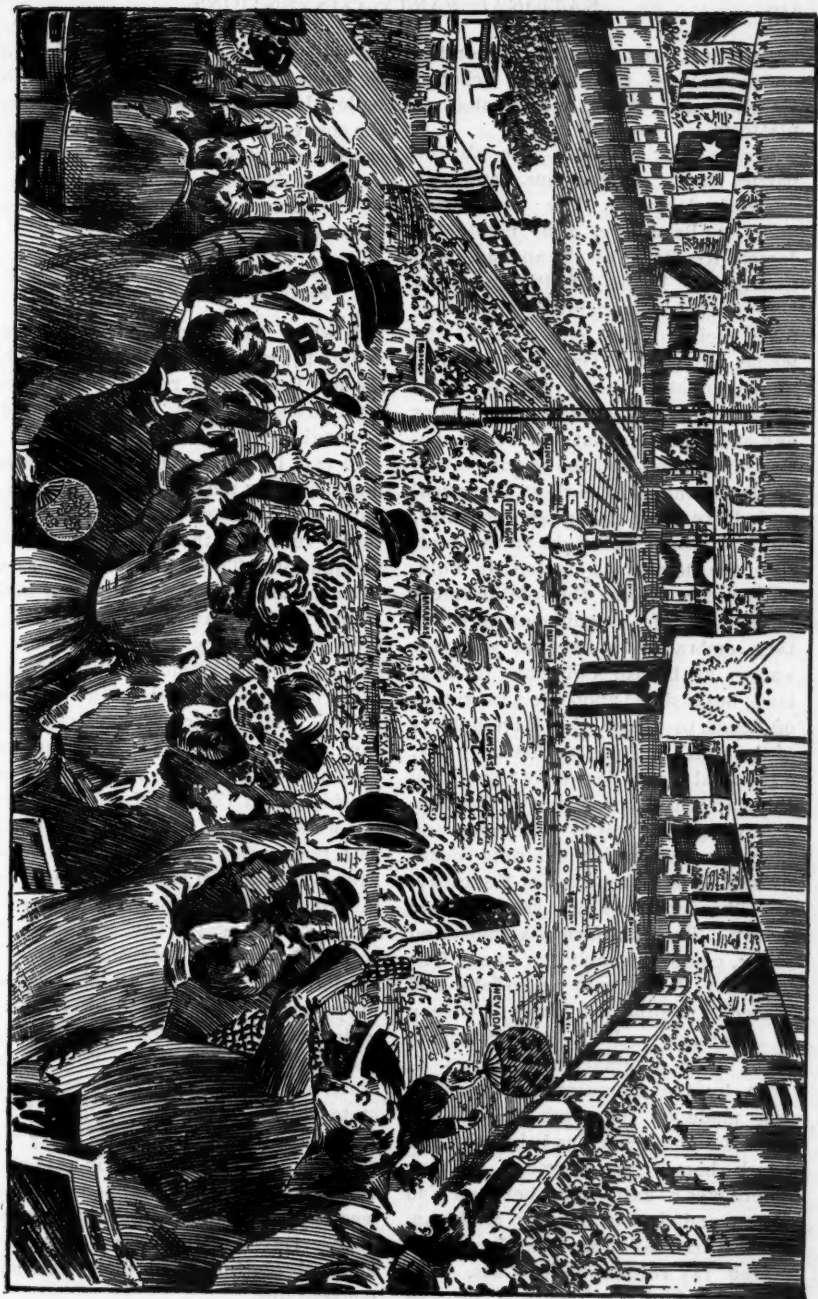
In Democratic conventions the state is always the voting unit. The majority of any state delegation casts the vote of that state. To counteract this difficulty the celebrated two-third rule

has been made the law for years past. A two-thirds vote of the delegates present is required for a nomination. The territories have no vote. In each state two delegates are admitted for each electoral vote.

The first national convention for the nominations of president and vice-president was held at Baltimore, September 26, 1831, by the anti-Masonic party. No platform was adopted, but William Wirt of Maryland was nominated for president and Amos Ellmaker of Philadelphia vice-president. On December 12, 1831, the National Republicans also met in convention for the first time at Baltimore, and nominated Henry Clay for president and John Sergeant of Philadelphia vice-president. On March 22, 1832, the Democrats held their convention and placed in nomination Andrew Jackson for president, and Martin Van Buren for vice-president. Jackson was nominated by acclamation, and Van Buren received the nomination for vice-president on the first ballot. It is worthy of note that in none of these three conventions was there the adoption of any platform.

Four years later the Democrats again met at Baltimore, and nominated Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, but there was no platform adopted. The National Republicans or Whigs held no convention this year. Massachusetts named Daniel Webster; Ohio, William Henry Harrison; and North Carolina, Willie P. Mangum. Neither party adopted any platform for these campaigns.

The first platform adopted by any party in national convention assembled was at the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1840, when Martin Van Buren was nominated by acclamation. The Whigs met at Harris-



SCENE AT A NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTION

burg, Penn., the previous December and nominated the winning ticket of Harrison and Tyler, but adopted no platform.

In 1844 for the first time all the parties held conventions and all adopted platforms. The Democrats met at Baltimore and nominated James K. Polk of Tennessee and George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania. The twelfth resolution of their platform recited "that our title to the whole territory of Oregon is clearly unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power, that the re-occupation of Oregon and the re-annexation of Texas at the earliest practical period are great American measures, etc." Making their fight on this platform the Democrats elected Mr. Polk, but once in power they deliberately abandoned the magnificent territory then embraced in Oregon, and now known as British Columbia, to England, but insisted upon the annexation of Texas, to please the slave-holders of the South. Thus, at this early day, a political party flagrantly repudiated the platform that had won its election. The Whigs also met at Baltimore, and placed in nomination a strong ticket consisting of Henry Clay of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. Their platform was short and sweet, comprising only ten lines. The "Liberty Party" met at Buffalo, and placed in nomination James G. Birney of Michigan and Thomas Morris of Ohio. The nomination of James K. Polk by the Democratic convention was made on the ninth ballot. Mr. Polk is distinguished as being the first "dark horse" in American politics. There was a hard fight between Van Buren and Lewis Cass of Michigan. On the first ballot Mr. Van Buren received 143 votes to 83 for Cass. The latter gradually gained and on the

seventh ballot the votes stood, Van Buren 99 and Cass 123. On the eighth ballot, James K. Polk was sprung upon the convention as a "dark horse," receiving 44 votes, and 232 on the ninth, to 17 for Cass and 10 for Van Buren. As the campaign progressed for a time it looked as if

*"The nation's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,"*

but when the electoral votes were counted it was found that "Polk, Dallas and Texas" had received 170 electoral votes to 105 for "Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen."

In 1848 Lewis Cass of Michigan was nominated by the Democrats at Baltimore, and William O. Butler of Kentucky received the vice-presidential nomination. The Whigs turned aside from the leadership of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and nominated a military hero, Zachary Taylor of Louisiana and Millard Fillmore of New York.

During this campaign the "Free Soilers" made their entry into American politics, and made the curious nomination of Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts for vice-president. The nomination of Van Buren on a Free Soil platform was very much as if William Jennings Bryan were nominated to-day upon the single gold standard platform. Mr. Van Buren's candidacy however, was simply for the purpose of defeating Lewis Cass, which was accomplished by splitting the Democratic vote in New York state, allowing the Whigs to carry the state, thus electing Mr. Taylor. Van Buren had never forgiven his party for refusing to nominate him in 1844 and 1848, and he always claimed that he was unjustly blamed for the panic of 1837. Dating from 1844 all parties adopted platforms at their national conventions.

In 1852 there was a protracted deadlock in the Democratic convention at Baltimore. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, the "little giant" of American politics, here first made his appearance as a full-fledged presidential candidate. Jas. Buchanan, who had been a candidate in 1844 and 1848, was also a leading candidate, as was Lewis Cass of Michigan, and Marcy and Pierce. Cass, on the first ballot, received 116 votes, Buchanan 93, Douglas 20, and Marcy 27. On the forty-ninth ballot the convention was stampeded, Pierce receiving a practically unanimous vote. And for the second time the Democratic convention had nominated a "dark horse." The Whigs met at Baltimore, and having elected the hero of Buena Vista four years previously, they determined to try a Mexican war veteran again. They placed in nomination Gen. Winfield Scott of New Jersey and Wm. A. Graham of North Carolina. Gen. Scott, who was a somewhat testy old fellow, attempted to make a few speeches, and was ignominiously termed by the opposition "Old Fuss and Feathers." Mr. Pierce, the "dark horse" candidate, was overwhelmingly elected, receiving 254 electoral votes to 42 for General Scott.

In 1856 James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce and Stephen A. Douglas were the three leading candidates. On the first ballot Buchanan and Pierce were about equal in strength, Buchanan receiving 135 votes, Pierce 122, Douglas 33, and Lewis Cass 5. After a stubborn fight Buchanan was nominated on the seventeenth ballot.

The "silver grey" Whigs by this time had practically disappeared from American politics, but they sorrowfully met at Baltimore for the last time and endorsed the nominees of the American or "Know Nothing" party, which at Philadelphia had

placed in nomination Millard Fillmore of New York and Andrew Jackson Donelson of Tennessee. The Republican party, which four years later was destined to save the Union, here made its first appearance in American politics, and at Philadelphia placed in nomination John C. Fremont of California and Wm. L. Dayton of New Jersey. Mr. Fremont was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 339 votes to 196 for John McLean. For vice-president Wm. L. Dayton received 259 votes to 180 for Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Fremont made a picturesque campaign. He was a son-in-law of Thomas H. Benton, who for thirty years had represented Missouri in the United States Senate, and who was one of the leaders of the Democratic party. Large lithographs containing the pictures of Fremont, "The Path Finder" and his wife, the brilliant Jessie Benton Fremont, were distributed by thousands. Mr. Fremont, on account of the fame that he had acquired in rescuing California from Mexico, fired the popular imagination much as Mr. Bryan did forty years later, but Buchanan received the votes at the polls.

The storm clouds which overshadowed the Civil War caused the first great break in party lines in 1860. The Democrats met at Charleston, Stephen A. Douglas being the leading candidate. On the first ballot he received 145 votes, out of the 248 votes of the convention, his next highest competitor, Guthrie, receiving but 35 votes, but the two-thirds rule prevented his nomination. After fifty-seven ballots the convention adjourned and met at Baltimore in June, where it split, the southern Democrats nominating John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and Joseph Lane of Oregon, and the northern party nominating Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and

Herschell V. Johnson of Georgia. The Union party met at Baltimore and nominated John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts. The Republicans met in Chicago, the first great political convention held in the West. Wm. H. Seward of New York was the leading candidate. On the first ballot Seward received 137 1-2 ballots, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois 102, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio 49, and Bates of Missouri 48. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot, receiving 281 1-2 votes to 180 for Seward.

In 1864, General George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, fresh from the battle fields of Antietam and the Peninsular Campaign, with a grievance against the administration, was nominated by the Democrats at Chicago on a platform declaring the war for the preservation of the Union a failure. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was his running mate. At Baltimore the Republicans renominated Lincoln, Missouri alone voting for General Grant. The radical Republicans met at Cleveland, and nominated as their first standard bearer John C. Fremont, but General Fremont withdrew and recommended the support of the regular Republican ticket. McClellan received but 21 electoral votes out of the total of 233.

In 1868, for the third time was placed in nomination a "dark horse," Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, on the twenty-second ballot, receiving the unanimous vote of the convention, not having previously received a single vote in the convention. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, started in as the leading candidate, the contest finally narrowing down to General Hancock, and Thomas H. Hendricks, of Indiana, until the final break was made for Seymour. General Grant, of Illinois, and Schuyler Col-

fax, of Indiana, were unanimously nominated by the Republicans at Chicago, and overwhelmingly elected.

In 1872 General Grant was again unanimously nominated, with Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, with him on the ticket. The anti-Grant Republicans, under the name of the Liberal Republicans, met at Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. The Democrats met in Baltimore, and endorsed the nominees of the Liberal Republican party. The "Straight-out" Democrats met in Louisville, and refused to support the Liberal Republican ticket, and nominated Charles O'Connor, of New York, for President and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for vice-president. The gradual splitting up of party votes, which has been so prevalent of late years, was first noticed during this campaign. The Prohibitionist party, meeting at Columbus, Ohio, nominated for president James Black, of Pennsylvania, and for vice-president, Rev. John Russell, of Michigan. The "Labor Reform" party met in the same city, and nominated David Davis, of Illinois, and Joel Parker, of New York. These candidates declined, and O'Connor and Adams, and the straight-out Democratic ticket were endorsed afterwards. The straight-out Democrats received but 30,000 votes, the Prohibitionists 5,600, the Liberal Republican-Democrats 2,800,000, and the Republicans 3,600,000.

In 1876 Samuel J. Tilden of New York received the Democratic nomination for president at St. Louis on the second ballot, and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana was nominated for vice-president. It was at this convention that Henry Watterson of Kentucky formally introduced the "Star-

eyed Goddess of Reform" to the American people. The Republicans met at Cincinnati, where the famous Blaine-Conkling controversy, which eight years later resulted in the defeat of Mr. Blaine and the Republican ticket, made its appearance.

The Republicans borrowed a lesson from the Democrats and on the seventh ballot nominated a "dark horse," Governor Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio. The money question, which twenty years afterwards was destined to be the sole issue, was projected into this campaign by the Greenbackers who nominated at Indianapolis, Peter Cooper of New York and Samuel F. Cary of Ohio.

In 1880 the Democratic party, which had been vigorously abusing the Republicans for twenty years for selecting military heroes as their candidates, nominated one who had distinguished himself in the Civil War, General Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania. This convention was held at Cincinnati. William H. English, of Indiana, was nominated for vice-president. Mr. Tilden could undoubtedly have received the nomination, in place of General Hancock, had he not declined. Hancock was nominated on the second ballot. The Republicans again met in Chicago, and on the thirty-sixth ballot again nominated a "dark horse," General J. A. Garfield, of Ohio, who received 399 votes, to 306 for Grant. General Grant had just returned from a tour around the world. He was still the foremost figure in American politics. He was especially championed by the great triumvirate, consisting of John A. Logan, of Illinois; Roscoe Conkling, of New York; and Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania. It was a fight between Blaine and Grant. Blaine started in with a strength of 284 votes, to 304 for Grant, with a small number of votes for Thurman,

Edmunds, Windom and Washburn. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was chairman of the convention. It was a dramatic feature of the convention when, on the thirty-fourth ballot, General Garfield received 17 votes. Rising in his seat as delegate from Ohio, he protested against any person receiving votes contrary to his will, and Senator Hoar calmly ruled, "the delegate from Ohio is out of order." Before the balloting began, Senator Conkling made a stirring speech nominating Grant, but the one speech that captured the convention was made by General Garfield, whose nomination was effected by the throwing of the entire Blaine strength to him.

In 1884, James G. Blaine was nominated by the Republican convention at Chicago on the fourth ballot. His chief opponent was President Arthur, other candidates being Edmunds, of Vermont; Logan, of Illinois; John Sherman, of Ohio, and Hawley, of Connecticut. A portion of the party, including the civil service reformers led by George William Curtis, and those who believed in the charges of political corruption against Blaine, "mugwumped." "Harper's Weekly," which was edited by Mr. Curtis, formally announced its bolt in a cartoon, in which the Republican party was depicted as Virginia, and the bolting Republicans as Virginius stabbing his daughter to save her from the clutches of Appius Claudius, as related in Macaulay's poem, "Virginius." "Puck" and "Judge" first made their appearance as campaigners in this campaign, and the famous cartoon, "The Tattooed Man," in which Mr. Blaine represented a side show freak, was distributed at the convention. John A. Logan, of Illinois, was nominated for vice-president. The Democrats met at Chicago, and nominated Grover Cleveland and Thomas

A. Hendricks. Cleveland had achieved a reputation while governor of New York, as something of a reformer, and he was nominated on the second ballot, over Bayard, Thurman, Randall and McDonald. The "Equal Rights" party met at San Francisco, and named as its candidate Belva A. Lockwood, of the District of Columbia, and Marietta L. Stow, of California, the first instance of a woman being similarly honored.

Four years later, in 1888, Grover Cleveland was again nominated at the St. Louis convention, Senator Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, being nominated for vice-president. Mr. Thurman had been addicted for years to the use of a large red bandanna handkerchief, and the campaign colors of the Democrats were confined to the red bandanna. The Republicans retaliated by adopting the American flag as their campaign banner. The Republicans met at Chicago. John Sherman was the leader with 229 votes, to 107 for Gresham. The unexpected happened. The fight between Sherman and Gresham was so strenuously fought, that neither could win the prize, and on the eighth ballot Benjamin Harrison received the nomination.

Grover Cleveland has the distinction of being the only man who has been nominated three times for the presidency by any political party.

At the Chicago convention in 1892, Mr. Cleveland against the strenuous opposition of Tammany Hall was nominated for the third time, his running mate being Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois. Mr. Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot. The Republicans met at Minneapolis and re-nominated President Harrison on the first ballot. Only a few days previously Jas. G. Blaine, secretary of state, now broken in health and crushed with dis-

appointment, had resigned his seat in the cabinet, and allowed the use of his name for the presidency. He was too late, however, and Mr. Harrison was re-nominated. Whitelaw Reid of New York was placed on the ticket with him. This campaign, as were the campaigns of 1884 and 1888, was fought strictly on the tariff question. The low tariff men won and elected Mr. Cleveland for the second time. The passage of the Wilson low tariff bill was followed by the great panic of '92 and '93, and "free trade" and "low tariff" received a crushing blow from which it may never recover.

When the time for holding the national convention of 1896 drew nigh the Democrats abandoned the tariff question, and took up the question of free silver. Mr. Cleveland and the low tariff leaders were set aside, and the free coinage of silver was adopted as the Democratic shibboleth. The Republicans maintained that the panic was due to the Democratic tariff tinkering, reaffirmed the policy of protection to American industries, and adopted a gold standard plank, provided an international agreement for the free coinage of silver could not be arranged. For several years previous to the convention Marcus A. Hanna, a prominent business man of Ohio, had been quietly at work for the nomination of Governor McKinley of Ohio. Mr. Hanna called a secret meeting of forty prominent business men from different parts of the United States, and as a result of that meeting it was agreed to throw the strength of the business interests of the country for McKinley. Twelve thousand private letters were written to all parts of the United States. Mr. Hanna, who was not at that time regarded as a politician, quietly visited the leading business men throughout the United

States, and secured their almost unanimous support for the nomination of McKinley, who was, regardless of this movement, the most popular man in his party after the death of Mr. Blaine.

When the Republican convention met at St. Louis Mr. McKinley was nominated on the first ballot, and Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey was nominated for vice-president.

The Democrats met at Chicago with the free silver men in absolute control. Richard P. Bland of Missouri was the leading candidate of his party, and his nomination seemed assured, when a "young Lochinvar came out of the West" in the person of William Jennings Bryan, a young man only thirty-six years of age. In making a speech advocating the adoption of a free silver platform, Mr. Bryan in a moment made himself famous, and captured the convention and the nomination on the second day's ballot. Mr. Bryan made one of three great speeches which have captivated national conventions. The first was made by Robert G. Ingersoll in 1876, in his famous "Plumed Knight," speech, when he nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency. Conkling and Garfield at the Chicago convention in 1880 delivered addresses which certainly live in campaign oratory. Mr. Garfield's speech made him president, but Mr.

Bryan's "Cross of Gold" oration perhaps more directly appealed to the masses than any other speech that has ever been made in a political convention since conventions have been held.

At the St. Louis Republican convention, one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in a national convention was the formal bolt of the free silver Republicans, headed by Senator Teller of Colorado.

The conventions of 1900 will perhaps not be as spectacular as those in the past. The nomination of Mr. McKinley at Philadelphia, and of Mr. Bryan at Kansas City are foregone conclusions. The only interest is in the vice-presidency.

The national convention is a unique gathering. On the floors of the convention are the leading politicians and statesmen of the party. Great issues are at stake, not only in the naming of the ticket, but in the platform adopted, and the proceedings are eagerly watched by all voters from ocean to ocean. The nominating speeches and the speeches in advocacy of the platforms adopted at the various conventions during the last forty years, contain the best specimens of fervid oratory that exist. They are distinctly American institutions. Nothing like them is to be found anywhere under the sun.

THE PASSING OF YOUTH

The red Poppies waved their rich Tresses in the southern Wind, their rich Tresses flowing over fulsome Eyes of Invitation. The Sun shone high in the Sky. Youth leaped forward and smiled.

The Reaper came forth with his Scythe and moved through the Fields of mellow Grain, cutting here, cutting there, while the Grain fell with a moan. The Sun sank in the West. Youth leaped forward and smiled.

The Poppies, their rich Tresses dank, lay dead on the Sod. The mellow Grain had withered. The Sun was gone. Youth stood still, looked back, understood, and smiled no more.

H. Addington Bruce

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTH AFRICA

By George Fearing Hollis, Ex-U. S. Consul at Pretoria

DURING an official residence of several years in the Transvaal of South Africa, I met many leading men on both sides of the Boer question. My meeting with Cecil Rhodes took place while I was descending the De Beers mine at Kimberley for the purpose of swearing in an American consul. As I gave him the oath of office, away down in the subterranean passage, a kindly looking man came up, laughed and said: "Well, this is quite a Yankee characteristic."

I also had the pleasure of meeting General Joubert, Paul Krüger and Rev. Dr. Moering. The president is a man of great mental attainments and will-power. Gen. Joubert possessed all the inherent kindness of a grand old man.

Among my friends of the Cape was Mr. J. H. Hofmeyer, an eminent lawyer and legislator, and the leader of the "Afrikaner Bund," an organization which aims to protect the former class against the commercialism of the city, and strenuously believes that Africa shall be for the Afrikanders—that is, for those who mean to make it their home. Mr. Hofmeyer, while a loyal citizen of Cape Colony, sympathizes with the burghers of the two republics and has labored for years to bring about a better understanding between the English and the Dutch.

Perhaps there are some who cannot see the connection of the De Beers diamond mine with the present contention between the English and the Boers, and yet it is quite simple. Rhodes was the master and governing mind in the diamond syndicate; and

his views as to his destiny are as distinctly drawn as those of the Czar of Russia. He early had the charter of the diamond company amended so as to permit the company to engage in ventures outside of the legitimate work of the syndicate, and with the enormous capital at his back and a huge surplus at his disposal, he was in a position to contribute to the British South African Company, not only from his own fortune but from the De Beers as well. He occupied essentially the same position in South Africa that Mr. Rockefeller does with the Standard Oil behind him, and had the sagacity, boldness and nerve necessary to carry out any purpose conceived by his facile genius. He labored strenuously to secure all the forces on his side. When the Cape government wanted to float a loan, he showed the people of the colony that they should be independent of the old country in Europe and set the example by subscribing very liberally in the name of De Beers.

Rhodes was the man of the hour; and when he launched his ambitious scheme to form the B. S. A., backed by all the power and influence of the De Beers Co., the people lent a willing ear. He had for years preached the doctrine of British extension to the north, and his alluring vision of the country taking over British Bechuanaland and the territory between that country and the Transvaal into the clutches of the B. S. A. was very captivating to the British people of the colony. The next point in the game was to interest the people of

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT ELIZABETH



England. How well he succeeded in this, the charter of the B. S. A., with its almost regal privileges, will show. Think for a moment how fascinating to the imperial aristocracy of England must have been the scheme of taking under the flag of England this magnificent country, before whose riches even those of the Transvaal paled. And these princely riches were to be divided among the subscribers to the stock of the company. No wonder that dukes, earls and others hurried to get a "block" before the supply was exhausted.

But what had Rhodes to sell at the time he applied to the British public? He could not offer the territory of which he was not the owner. He had for some time been buying and getting control of "concessions" given by na-

tive chieftains to adventurers, some of them indeed sportsmen, who had no thought of such traffic when they had sought and obtained permission to hunt in that paradise of sportsmen. Two or three of these I knew personally, one of them receiving \$2,125,000 for his "concessions to mine minerals." No concession to alienate territory was given. Afterward, when these private "rights" were absorbed, a big blanket concession was secured from the paramount chief, Lobengula, by the promise of a certain number of rifles and the payment of a stipulated sum of gold monthly.

Rhodes had become prime minister of the colony, and was the chief officer under the government to administer the affairs of the colony under the laws which the wisdom of parliament

had enacted and the governor had promulgated. One of these laws definitely prohibited the gift, barter or sale of firearms to natives, but that little matter did not stand in the way of Mr. Rhodes.

Having, on the strength of these concessions, secured the necessary funds for the prosecution of his undertaking, his next move was to organize an armed force competent to hold the territory in which he had secured only mining rights. This he soon succeeded

gula and his subjugation, and the "taking over" of that vast tract of country between the Transvaal and the Zambesi River, are of too recent occurrence and too well known to need repetition. What has become of the Christianized chief, Khama, and his tribe, who have so long been held up to the view of the world as one illustration of the most successful results of missionary labor among the natives, I have, at present, no means of knowing. I do know, however, that Khama said long

SCENE IN MARKET AT PORT ELIZABETH



in accomplishing; many young men of the colony, desirous of adventure and lured by the glittering bait of future ownership of mines, flocking to his standard. When consul there, I induced him to give special privileges to two young Americans who had joined his force and had their fill of adventure, and one of them realized his ambition and owns several claims. The latter was nearly killed by the irate natives.

The subsequent war with Loben-

ago in his famous letter to the Queen that he feared the white man's liquor more than he did the assegais of Lobengula. He and his tribe may have been already "civilized" off the face of the earth by means of "cape smoke." To the uninitiated I may say that "cape smoke" is the brandy of the Cape, with greater initial velocity and longer range than our famous "Jersey lightning," and I have heard many Englishmen of the Cape declare it to be the fittest and cheapest agent

to settle the "native question." The country having been occupied, towns established and fortified, and settlers invited with the generous stipulation that the discoverer of a mineral reef must share his claim equally with the B. S. A., which makes the tax of 5 per cent on the net profits of the mines in the Transvaal seem grindingly onerous and oppressive by contrast, it was found that this rival to the Transvaal was not to meet the expectations of the sanguine promoter; and the hope

had at one time the republican idea.

With the discovery of gold, and the descent of the hordes of adventurers upon the Transvaal, new conditions arose which no sane man could expect these primitive people to be able to cope with in the same manner as would those who had had the advantage of a more modern civilization. The needs of the newcomers were many and great, and time and patience were necessary to bring the people and the government to a realizing

JETTY AT PORT ELIZABETH



of early dividends did not seem so promising as it did when the people were appealed to to subscribe. This was another strong reason why the control of the Transvaal should pass out of the hands of the Dutch burghers, though not the principal one, for I believe that Rhodes always had in view the consolidation of South Africa under one government. From his various speeches that I have heard him deliver and have read, this was very evident, though he may have

sense of the necessity of many changes. There were no railways. Everything had to be trucked by ox-teams from Kimberley, 300 miles away. The president decided, wisely, that no railway should be built until he had secured an independent line to the Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marquez at Delagoa Bay, as the railways to the south were owned by the Cape government, and his people and the strangers would have to submit to any terms that might be exacted, if the

Cape government were allowed to continue their lines to Johannesburg.

There were no manufactories, and the president again thought it best that these should be in the hands of people whom he could trust; so concessions were made to his own kin, giving them monopoly in the manufacture of articles of necessity in order to foster quick habilitation.

The republic would not be now in the independent condition it is, but for this forethought, particularly as regards

of the United States. When the same conditions were found in private lands, the owner of the land was protected by setting apart his share, and the finder of the "prospects," and others had their opportunity. A tax of two and a half per cent was laid on the gross output of the mines.

It should be borne in mind that the burghers were unable to endure much taxation, the profits from sheep farming being meagre, considering their remoteness from market and the very

LIGHTHOUSE AT PORT ELIZABETH



dynamite. Though the foreign clique clamored against this action, it was not because the practice was thought to be evil, but because they could not succeed in securing possession of the concessions. The policy of the government was liberal. Prospectors were licensed to pursue their work in government commonage at a nominal monthly payment, and when paying "reefs" were discovered, individuals were allowed to "peg off" their claims as easily as is done in the mineral belts

great expense of "treking" 300 miles to a railway, and the high cost of rail transportation in Cape Colony and Natal. The English were arrogant enough when they first put in an appearance in the Transvaal, in which national peculiarity they have been growing more and more efficient year by year, and as they grew rich by the sale of mining scrips before any gold had been pounded out of the rock, they wanted everything in sight. They wanted English to be the na-

tional language; they wanted all the profits and blessings that came with citizenship, but none of the responsibilities. It was handy to have English citizenship to fall back upon in case of trouble. Then it was awful to have a taxation of five per cent. of the net products of the mines, which were paying fabulous returns on the original cost. In a word, taxation was light considering the opportunity for profit, and the representation which they claimed was unjustly denied

of England. The president said: "We will turn them over to the English government and let it punish them as their crime deserves."

All the world knows of the lionizing they received in London and elsewhere in England; and it was patent that if they had only been successful, nothing would have been too good for them.

The fact is, nature made a grand mistake when she planned the gold fields so far from the border, in the heart of the Transvaal. Had she been

MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH



them, they could have had, (not of late years, after they had shown their disloyal intentions) in the only honest way known among nations—renouncing allegiance to their own country and promising loyalty to the new.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the Jameson raid and its result. Enough to say that Krüger, at this time, made a master stroke. Here were English subjects captured in an act of piracy which merited the death penalty. They had also broken the laws

"personally conducted," she would have placed the gold fields much to southward, and a "rectification" of the boundary would have settled matters by moving the boundary fence farther northward to take it in.

When diamonds were discovered at what is now Kimberley, it was conveniently found that a half-breed named Waterboer was the owner, instead of the Orange Free State. England was generous, however, and threw a sop of 90,000 pounds to the Free State for a \$500,000,000 mine.

VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT AT SEATTLE



SEATTLE AND THE NOME RUSH

By A. G. Kingsbury

IT seems as if a good part of the known world were outfitting for Nome and doing it at Seattle. The trains are heavy with incoming miners of all sorts and conditions. You hear the New England twang, the burr of the Pennsylvanian, the soft southern drawl. There are big brown fellows from the middle west, lean, wiry denizens of the Arizona buttes, miners from Australia and South Africa, and a host of Alaskans who winter in God's country and go north with the Chinook winds.

And Seattle welcomes them. No doubt she has other business, but it doesn't make such an outcry. The street cars and the building fronts bear huge signs that advertise steamers to sail for Cape Nome, and you will find your daily paper half taken up with the same. In the store windows are placards of Nome articles; Nome underwear for men and women that is wind and frost proof; there are gasoline stoves for Nome, Nome scurvy cures, Nome water filters,

Nome tents and Nome other things of every conceivable sort. No doubt the Klondike inventions of a year or two years ago have suffered a change of name.

As for placer mining devices, they stare at you from every street, and the men who shout for them explain their virtues in a loud voice to throngs of tenderfeet, all of whom look on in wonder, some of whom believe, and a few buy. Show me a street corner and I will show you a rocker, show me a vacant lot and I will show you a dozen. Every one is the only practical device and is warranted to save every particle of gold put in it.

"Why, gents," says one man to the assembled crowd, "before the first of July you will see the other kinds of rockers on the Nome beach cut up for firewood, and the amalgamating concentrator selling for \$500 each. Yes, sir; she'll be the only gold pebble on the beach."

Another man with buckets of "Nome sand" will show you how his machine will save from it not only coarse and fine gold, which he scatters therein with liberal hand, but shingle-nails, brass collar buttons, and tacks.

"The National Magazine" has commissioned A. G. Kingsbury, a noted explorer, and Winthrop Packard, a prominent author and correspondent, to make a close study of the Alaskan gold mining region and furnish a series of articles that will be of great interest.

VARIOUS KINDS OF GOLD ROCKERS



Just why one should want to save collar buttons and shingle nails from the Nome beach he does not explain; but the tenderfoot looks on with admiration and buys the machine, perhaps with the idea of going into hardware and gents' furnishings.

Many of these ingenious machines go with a lever, but more with a crank; some, indeed, with two cranks—the

one mechanical, and the other vocal.

They are of all shapes and sizes, from the kind that looks like the cradle that Grandmother rocked the baby in, that can be packed into the hills on a man's back, and sells for ten dollars, to the leviathan that is two rods long, goes by steam and costs up in the hundreds. Some resemble a New Hampshire cider mill, and others are

wonderful devices of tubes and cylinders, buckets and valves, the meaning whereof no man but the inventor knoweth. But they are here, and are being sold, not only to the wide-eyed stranger, but to the experienced miner who has washed the Nome beach before and means to again as soon as the Behring sea ice will let him land. Already daily ships are leaving the wharves, loaded deep with supplies and miners, and the number of those yet to go is legion.

Goods of all sorts blockade the docks, and strangers fill the hotels and lodging houses until the keepers thereof wax fat and feel that the Klondike lies at their very door. And yet, in the business parts of the city, other forms of trade go on staidly, if briskly, and if it were not for the signs and the elbowing miners you would need to look about a bit to realize that the town is Nome mad. But watch those two burly men meet on the corner. They shake hands with a hearty grip and a "Hello, Bill: where you been for a year?"

"Oh, down in Mexico. Had a good

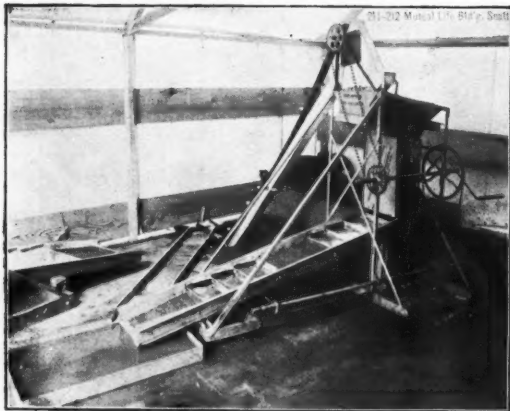
"South Africa. The Dutchmen chased me out. I'm going to Nome, too. Let's go have one," and away they go to the Nome saloon for Nome bitters.

Next you will see a group of dapper, well dressed business men, deep in discussion. Trade? Politics? Not a bit of it; Nome. One of them pulls out a map and shows the location of certain claims, and the others wag their heads knowingly and go off planning to put tens of thousands of dollars into the working of these claims.

Nor is mining the only scheme. People are planning to make money at Nome in all sorts of ways. One man is taking up a large assortment of Japanese made and dyed feather flowers. Another tons of fresh vegetables. There are photographers who will do developing and printing for amateurs. A Colorado man will take up a herd of milch cows, and incidentally has ordered several tons of condensed milk, and these and a thousand other schemers are in Seattle, arranging, planning and buying, happy and enthusiastic. But of course the mining schemes pre-

dominate. There are steam dredgers, schooner dredgers, and scow dredgers for the surf and creeks, rockers and sluicers for the beach and tundra, and quartz mining plants for the interior. To-day sails a schooner that reminds one of an expedition to settle a new country with its deck load of boards and joists for new portable houses, its chickens in coops, cattle securely stalled, provisions, implements and miscellaneous household

A CAPE NOME GOLD ROCKER



thing, too, but I think Nome is better. Where you been?"

goods galore, and its complement of men and women passengers. Yester-

THE "CORWIN" FITTING FOR HER LONG JOURNEY, ON WHICH "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" STAFF CORRESPONDENT SAILED



day went a big liner with its great load of freight and every passage taken by fortune seekers; and so they go, from little schooners of fifteen tons to ocean-going steamers with a displacement of several thousand.

Some, indeed many, outfits seem pitifully inadequate, consisting in the main of a pair of broad shoulders, a pick, shovel and pan and grub for a few months, but others are planned with care, backed by abundant capital, and led by men who know the ground thoroughly and already have valuable interests at Nome. Of these, a typical expedition and probably one of the best equipped, is that of the Corwin Trading Company. It is unique in that it has a government vessel, the "Corwin," long time a cruiser in arctic seas, and especially built for that purpose, now refitted and stocked with every device that long experience and practical education in placer mining can suggest. It is unique, moreover, in that it will

not only work its own mines, already proven rich, but will convey an exploring expedition along the arctic coast of Siberia and Alaska.

The "Corwin" will take its own photographers, a scientist skilled in geology and mineralogy, a mining expert of long experience, and a well known author and correspondent, Winthrop Packard, commissioned by "The National Magazine" to prepare a series of special articles for that enterprising publication. The result of its summer's work cannot fail to be of interest to men of science, as well as to the mining and business world. The expedition is backed by conservative Boston capitalists, who will accompany it, and the ship will be commanded by a Pacific coast whaling captain of long experience in Behring and the arctic. It has a steam launch for exploring shallow bays and creeks, pack horses and carts fitted for tundra and rough roads, iron warehouses for

storage and portable ones for camps, and every possible device for the successful pursuit of its mining, trading and scientific investigation.

The "Corwin" is brig rigged, and will sail or steam ten knots, as occasion may require.

And this is but one of hundreds of ships that will take millions of dollars of cold cash into the region of arctic desolation, and thousands of brawny workingmen who will labor there with feverish energy through five months of long arctic day, straining every nerve for the yellow dust that has lured men to hardship and adventure the world over, since the beginnings of the race.

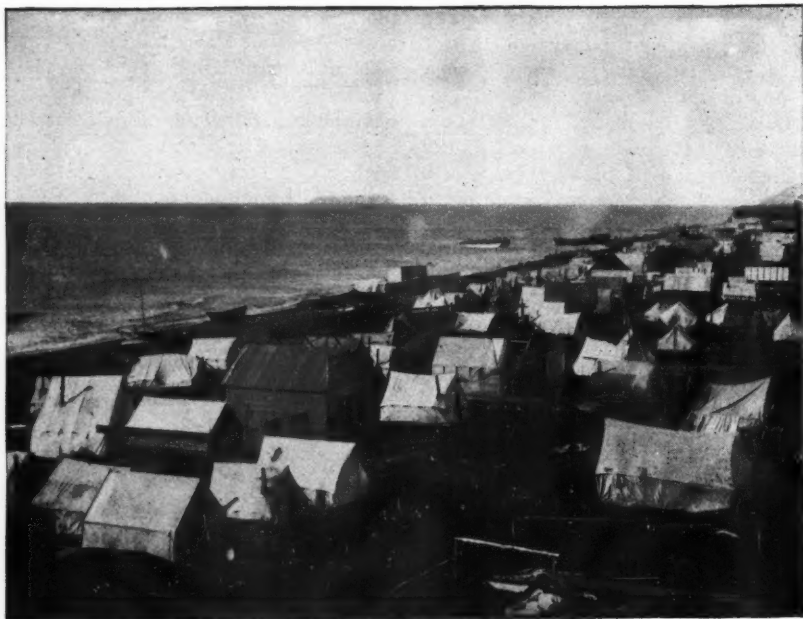
The rush is on, and Seattle is at present the storm centre. How the storm blows north, and what it does to the dream city of the desolate tundra, is to be told in another article.

Seattle is the gateway to Alaska.

You may get there by way of other west coast cities, but you will be as a man using a side door. This gate lies open to many roads, but from New England and the middle west none will bring you more direct than the Great Northern nor through more beautiful scenery. After you leave behind the lava, sand and sage brush of the mid-Washington desert the crystal peaks of the Cascade range loom ever nearer and lure you with their reflections in the smiles and dimples of a little river, head waters of the Columbia, whose course you follow. A demure, well-bred river it is, and the mountains lay their rough cheeks lovingly against it while the train climbs the wrinkles.

Like many another demure damsel, you shall find this river in other moods. Bye-and-bye she giggles and then laughs aloud, drops purling courtesies, lifts a coquettish skirt until a frill of

THE "WHITE CITY" AT CAPE NOME



A GROUP OF MINERS AT CAPE NOME



white lace shows, and the mountains raise their heads as if not caring to countenance levity. Then she waltzes among the crags and pirouettes down the gorges in long tumbling leaps, mazed in a frou-frou of ballet-dancer lace, at which the hills harden their hearts and tower sternly aloft in indignant disapproval. But no whit cares this wild girl of the wild hills. She throws modesty aside, white shoulders gleam, and curves and graces appear through froths of whiteness that clothe and reveal, like the flying draperies of the skirt dancer. And then she vaults and turns handsprings in a crazy ebullition of spirits while the mountains lift their hoary heads to the very heavens and veil their august countenances behind white cloud-hands in Puritanical indignation. Perhaps they peer through these cloud-fingers. You would not blame them, for a more

winsome madcap of a naughty girl river never danced to the music of her own voice. You shall see mountains and rivers in Switzerland, but none more august, or more radiantly beautiful. With the beginning of the hills comes the scent of the firs that never leaves you, a rich, fragrant, aromatic scent like that from a great bunch of carnations. It follows you in at the car doors and windows, nor is it hidden by the scent of the brine when you reach the Sound. If in the mid day heat and bustle of Seattle streets you lift your head and sniff you shall still be thrilled by this divine fragrance.

Through the deep waters of Puget Sound, the great steamers of the world may, and do, come to Seattle's very feet, and from the teeming docks look up to a city that is built upon a hill rising terrace above terrace from First street to Sixteenth.

IN THE HAUNTS OF DANIEL WEBSTER

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

With photographs by the writer, and rare illustrations from various sources



HERE is a fine appropriateness in the contemplated conversion of a portion of the Daniel Webster farm at Marshfield into a Webster Park. In no way could the Commonwealth more fittingly honor the glorious memory of the lawyer, statesman and orator, whose name occupies so unique and commanding a position in its galaxy of fame, and who did so much to establish and uphold the precedents and traditions that have given the Old Bay State an honored prestige.

With something of this in mind I made my first visit to Marshfield on a beautiful April morning.

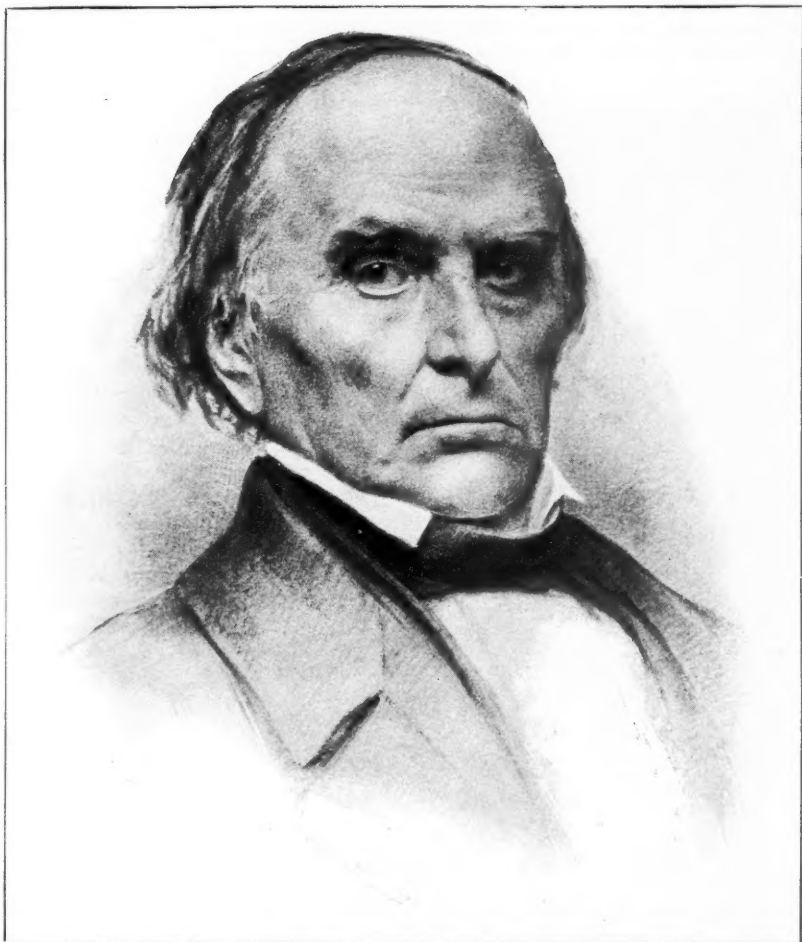
Finding myself adrift in the sandy waste that surrounds the little station, I felt like an explorer come to harbor on an unknown shore. Two hours away lay busy Boston, with its noise, its smoke, and its hurrying crowds. Here, when the train had vanished around the curve, was perfect quiet—almost perfect solitude. A bronzed and pleasant-faced man was depositing a lean mail bag on the front seat of a carryall. When I asked him if he could take me to the Webster farm, he answered in the characteristic slow drawl of the countryside that he could—after he had taken the mail up to the village. So I seated myself on a baggage truck on the station platform and patiently awaited his return.

A quarter of an hour later we were driving along the country road in the bright sunshine, with the salt smell of the not far distant sea borne upon the air.

Past herds of sedate cows and frisky young stock in the hillside pastures, and broad fields where the spring plowing was in progress, over a low lying hill and around a few bends in the road, bordered with fresh-budding trees and the green blades of new sprung grass, till the driver drew rein to point out the place I had come to see. If the noble farmstead looked

WEBSTER'S OFFICE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD





half so beautiful on that sleepily quiet day in the early autumn of 1824, when Daniel Webster and his wife—journeying in good old-fashioned style from Sandwich to Boston in a roomy chaise—first accepted the hearty hospitality of its owner, it is small wonder that the busy lawyer was enchanted with its pastoral charm.

The broad and fertile fields were spread before me like a picture; the famous apple orchard, the placid

trout pond with the slow-moving windmill at its edge, the shaded driveway leading to the house standing on a little knoll, the sea in the distance dimpling in the sunlight, and the quiet, restful charm of rural seclusion over all.

Mr. Webster, writing to a friend in 1842, described the surroundings of the house in terms that might well be used to-day, so little has the general aspect been changed: The house "stands on

a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road, which runs in front. Beyond the road

ground, and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best

made. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is, to the north and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin."

We drove on slowly to the house, which stands on the site of the original structure (destroyed by fire in 1879) and within which are many mementoes of its famous occupant. The first that attracts the visitor's attention on entering is a massive center table bearing this inscription on an octagonal silver plate set in its top:

1833
Presented by the Mechanics
of
Buffalo
to the
Hon. Daniel Webster

*In Testimony of Respect for his
Distinguished public Services in
defence of a Protective Tariff,
and our National Union.*



The fireplace in the hall-way of the house at Marshfield, with a painting of Webster and his bronze library clock. Never before published "

is a ridge of hilly land, not very high running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression, or break, exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth Bay, fresh, if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the

In the open fireplace is a set of handsome brass andirons from Mr. Webster's library, while suspended from the wall is the magnificent cabinet of butterflies and beetles presented to him by the Emperor of Brazil. In this room, also, are many small articles formerly in daily use by Mr. Webster, and a curious chair once owned by Peregrine White. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the great leather armchair with its folding footrest, used for many years by Mr. Webster in his library. When I seated

myself in its cavernous depths I could imagine somewhat of the stature of the noble frame that had been wont to occupy it.

Over the fireplace in the hallway at the foot of the staircase hangs a fine painting of Webster, and his beautiful bronze library clock, covered by a glass dome, stands on a mantelpiece below the picture. Above the stairs hang three small paintings which were once in the original house.

I stood upon Mr. Webster's lounge to take down from its place upon the wall his wooden powder horn of generous size, which bears a silver plate upon the larger end with this inscription:

*Daniel Webster
Presented by
William Stearns
1835*

A set of library steps bearing the imprints of the pegs in Mr. Webster's boots show that he often used them. A pair of capacious white duck trousers of obsolete cut which he had often worn, and his sturdy walking stick were brought forth for my inspection.

On the lawn before the house stand the two beautiful weeping elms (called "The Brother and Sister") which Mr. Webster set out as a memorial to the memory of his loved children, Edward and Julia, who both lay dead in Boston at the same time (May, 1848). In the early part of the winter his daughter Julia (Mrs. Appleton) had

taken a severe cold, which developed latent pulmonary tendencies and resulted in her death on the 28th of April. Major Edward Webster, the youngest son, gallantly serving his country in the Mexican war, died near the city of Mexico on the 23rd of January. A few hours previous to his sister's burial his remains reached Boston and were interred later in the same week. In the hallway hangs his sword.

In the spring house by the trout pond, where I stopped for a drink of the deliciously clear, cold water, were



Reproduced from a rare photograph, never before published

THE HOUSE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD



nineteen speckled beauties that would delight the heart of an angler—direct descendants of those of which Mr. Webster was so proud. This spring house and the small building which was once his office are the only ones of the original structures now standing.

I followed the winding farm road leading from the house across the fields to the quiet God's acre on a knoll a half mile away, over which that sad cortege had passed in October, 1852. Here, in peaceful solitude, by the sea and the eternal hills, with his loved ones

round him, lies Daniel Webster. A simple stone marks his resting place—his eulogy is graven on the hearts of the nation in everlasting fame.

FREDERICK WATERMAN



Heard Webster's oration at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1828

Later I climbed to the top of Black Hill, Mr. Webster's favorite lookout spot, from whence can be seen the whole great expanse of the farm, the bold coast line for many miles, and the blue ocean stretching out to the distant sky line with white sails shimmering in the bright sunshine.

Away to the left can be seen the Peregrine White farm, the one-time home of the first

white child born in the new world.

At the village of Marshfield, three miles away, is the ancient church which Mr. Webster attended for many years, and under the whispering trees near by the simple stones, many of them fallen down, and gray with moss, that mark the resting place of our Pilgrim forefathers.

For seven years the Webster family passed their summers on the beautiful

Here, with the democracy of true greatness, he established friendships so sweet and true that when he lay dead among the throng of sorrowing toilers of the soil every heart was wrenched with grief, and their tears flowed unrestrained. One unknown man, in plain and rustic garb, standing beside the coffin and looking down upon the face of the dead, said softly, reverently: "Daniel Webster, the world without you will seem lonesome."

WEBSTER'S GRAVE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD



farm by the Marshfield seashore as the guests of Captain John Thomas, till in the autumn of 1831 Mr. Webster purchased the estate, afterwards making many changes and additions to the buildings. Captain Thomas continued to live there as an honored guest until his death in 1837.

In this sylvan spot the busy lawyer found relaxation from the cares of court and state in directing his farming operations, in hunting and fishing, and in the fellowship of his humble neighbors.

The gray-haired old farmer seated in a splint-bottomed chair in the sunshine before a farmhouse at which I stopped for a drink of milk, was watching his sturdy grandson guiding a plow in the field beyond, and dreaming of the days when he, too, was young and strong, and the world was very fair.

"Indeed I do," he answered when I asked if he remembered Daniel Webster; and the bent form straightened, and something of the old time fire shone in the faded eyes. "He was a

grand man. I loved him. Everybody about here loved him, and when he died it seemed as though the sun

"THE ELMS," WEBSTER'S BOYHOOD HOME



stopped shining. He had a heart, and his friendship was a grand thing. I remember how he went about his farm, a strict master and a just one, with a smile and a handclasp for all he met. It was a fine thing to shake hand with Daniel Webster. He was a great hunter and fisherman, and loved the sea and the soil. Such men as he was are not made nowadays."

The number of those who knew Daniel Webster when he was in his prime is growing small. One who remembers his speech at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument is Mr. Frederick Waterman, now ninety-three years old and a resident of Grafton, Mass. In 1828, when eighteen years old, he walked from Barre, Vt., to Charlestown, 150 miles, and arrived in time to witness the ceremonies on June 17. Despite Mr. Waterman's age, he delights to tell his experiences on that eventful day. Bunker Hill was then like any other country hill, devoid of buildings. Several small walks, resembling cow paths, led to the historic spot. The day was fair and hot and thousands of people assembled to witness the laying

of the corner stone. Revolutionary veterans were there in great numbers. Mr. Waterman had a post of vantage amid the throng, and listened with rapture to Daniel Webster's eloquence.

As a Vermonter, Mr. Waterman takes a great pride in Admiral Dewey. The hero of Manila is his ideal hero, and he sometime ago expressed a hope "that Dewey won't stub his toe like many other great men."

The ring of the woodman's axe had not yet resounded among the stately

forest monarchs of the Granite State when, but a short time after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, Daniel Webster's hardy ancestors settled upon its rock bound coast. The future great statesman's father, Ebenezer, did valiant service under Wolfe in the Revolution, and when the end of the bloody conflict came, received a grant of land in the then remote wilderness along the Merrimac river and erected a log cabin, with no other white man's habitation between it and the settlements at Montreal. Here was the beginning of the town of Salisbury, and later, near the log cabin, the frame house was built in which Daniel Webster was born.

When he first learned that he was to be sent to college, he was overcome with gratitude and emotion. In later years, he wrote in an autobiographical sketch of his boyhood: "I remember the very hill which we were ascending through deep snow, in a New England sleigh, when my father made know this purpose to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me. A warm glow ran

over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

Up to 1812, when war was declared against England, Mr. Webster had taken very little active part in politics. Were he alive now, in view of his public utterances at that time, there is little doubt as to what position he would assume on the question of expansion. In a public address, previous to the declaration of war, giving an impartial view of strained foreign relations, he said:

"Nothing is plainer than this: If we will have commerce, we must protect it. This country is commercial as well as agricultural. Indissoluble bonds connect him who plows the land with him who plows the sea. Nature has placed us in a situation favorable to commercial pursuits, and no government can alter the destination. Habits confirmed by two centuries are not to be changed. An immense portion of our property is on the waves. Sixty or eighty thousand of our most useful citizens are there, and are entitled to such protection from the Government as their case requires."

During the years in which he took no part in the councils of the nation, he was engaged in the vigorous practice of his profession in Boston, where he removed after the end of the Fourteenth Congress. For some time he had felt the necessity of locating where he would have greater scope for his powers, and it became an open question whether Boston or Albany should have the honor of being the future home of the greatest statesman of his time. Finally, after the com-

plete destruction by fire of his house, library and all the fruits of his professional labors at Portsmouth, he chose Boston as an abiding place, and it was then, while a member of the famous Suffolk Bar, that he reached his great fame as a lawyer.

Though Mr. Webster encountered the greatest lawyers of his time, he seldom met his equal, and never his superior. His arguments were underlaid by a wide knowledge of the history of law, and distinguished for sound ethics and philosophy. Though

WEBSTER'S BOSTON HOME



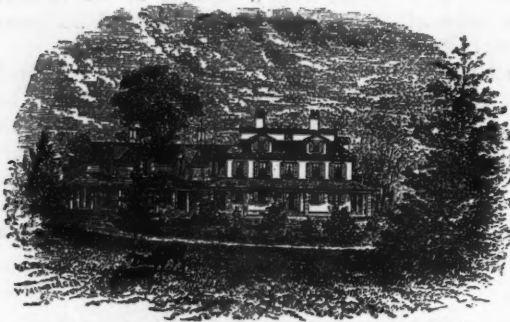
The house stood at the corner of Summer and High streets, near the present location of "The National Magazine" office

it might well be wondered at that he was not made president, the reason is not far to seek. In the presence of genius at once so creative and conservative, the jealousy and envy of smaller minds were aroused, their petty animosities were communicated to their personal following, and all conspired to prevent his election to the chief magistracy.

The only living descendants of Daniel Webster are the children and grandchildren of his daughter Julia, who married Samuel Appleton of Bos-

ton, and do not bear the family name. Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, of Washington, (formerly Mrs. Edgar) is a grand-

WEBSTER'S MARSHFIELD HOME



The house was burned in 1879, and the present structure was erected on the same site

daughter. Two sons by her first husband, Webster A. Edgar of the United States navy, and Newbold Leroy Edgar, a lawyer of New York, are still living. One daughter, the Countess De Moltke Huitfeldt, a young lady of twenty-five, resides with her mother in Washington. The youngest son, Jerome Bonaparte, also lives with his mother and is connected with the National Security and Trust Company. It was this bright young man of twenty-two who unveiled the statue of Webster recently presented to the government at Washington by Stillson Hutchins. He and his sister have the imperial blood of the Bonapartes as well as that of Webster coursing in their veins.

The reception rooms in their house on K street are adorned with medieval armor, swords, spears and relics of ancient warfare such as would gratify the most extreme Bonapartist, and it is indeed an interesting home. The bright young people and happy home life is characteristic of the truest and highest American ideals.

One grandson, Samuel Appleton,

resides in St. Paul, and has three sons: Samuel, Fletcher and Robert; and two daughters: Esther and Anne. Another granddaughter, Mrs. Armistead, resides in Boston, and has two sons: Lewis Addison Armistead and Daniel Webster Armistead. This comprises the entire list of descendants, and among them only one bears the full name of their distinguished ancestor. In fact, my impression is that the pride of ancestry is not especially apparent in the great-grandchildren of Daniel Webster. This contrast is indeed marked to the gene-

alogical searchers throughout the country, who are in quest of a family tree on which to hang the armor of a Son or Daughter of the Revolution. Especially has this spirit developed in the west, where people are just discovering who they actually are, and the fad is not without its compensation in having softened the prejudice against New England, when it is found that the bone, blood and sinew of the nation first came from there. But in Washington one is amazed to find so little apparent interest in Daniel Webster among his grandchildren, who are modestly averse to attention simply because of their distinguished ancestor. In fact, there seems to be apparent more of an interest in the Bonaparte side of the house, and the home fitted with the heraldry and equipment of the crusaders and imperial France scarcely suggests a memory of the great American who created the liberty-loving sentiments that will endure as long as the nation exists. It is very fitting that the best blood and highest traditions of America and of France should be so intermingled.

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR

By Felix Harding

FIRST EPISODE

AT forty-nine, though my friends say I appear to be hardly thirty-five, I find myself more often looking backward than forward. In these confessions I shall take no account of childish fancies. Neither shall I tell you of certain other episodes of later date, affairs of temperament, remembered oftenest on stormy nights, when the solitude is oppressive, and the book is dull, and the tobacco burns badly. Remembered, some-



times, with a sigh for what might have been, sometimes with shuddering relief, for the same reason. Let these lie—I had almost said let them be forgotten, but they will not be forgotten. You shall hear only of the epochal crises.

If you are to judge a man's story, know the man. So far as a man can speak truth of himself I will do it here. There is little to tell—no invention given to the world, no battle won, no philanthropy linked with my name for the glory of my descendants—both are unborn. No great book written, nor great fortune builded upon the disappointments of my fellow men. An American, then, born of men here when the red Indian traded with your ancestors in the frontier towns of New England. Reared in the Mississippi valley, by God fearing parents, from earliest childhood I loved the flag and hated the church. The flag meant freedom and the church meant compulsion. I was a rebel then and have been a rebel ever since. It came high, but I had to have it. I have learned that the world prefers its rebels dead. All the other rebels in my family *are* dead; one of them was hanged for it. I have so far escaped his fate; and, as my blood grows cooler, and the possibility of redressing all the wrongs of the race during the small compass of one lifetime dwindles, I am increasingly hopeful that I shall continue to escape the attempted execution of any impulse that



might lead to the "gallows high."

I think the writing and reading of novels is the preparatory stage of literature, fitting men to read and understand the great poets. In my childhood my people thought me of unsound mind because I loved a flower better than a dollar. The hauteur of youth has abated. I do not love the flower less, but I no longer refuse to meet the dollar half way.

Maud had red hair. At that day it was a golden halo. That hair inspired my first sonnet. It wove itself into the fabric of my dreams. She had eyes that hid mysteries, blue eyes that clouded like a summer sky, or glowed like stars under the stress of varying emotions. She was lithe, girlish, a fawn. We "stood tiptoe upon a little hill," and the world was shut away from our sight by drifting clouds made golden by the sinking sun. The shadows rose from the hill and from the plain, and it was evening. The time and the place were made for love—the solitude, the silence, the laughing

of Maud. For the life of me I cannot understand it now, but she put a spell of humility upon me as no other per-



stars, the fragrant languor of the summer night.

We were young, and youth is too often over bold, yet I stood in an awe

son ever did before or since. I suspect that I had so idealized her, had so decked her with graces and powers the like of which I knew my own unworthiness to possess, and which she did not possess, that my own exalted passion, too fine for earthly uses, became the single bar to my desire. I suspect that Maud was no more than a healthy, witty, sane lass, who wished me to take her hands into my own, to draw her close to me and to press upon her pretty lips an adoring kiss. I suspect that she resented my stupidity, for she suddenly grew chill, and directed me to take her home. I worshiped the shadow; another man won the substance, a man who was not troubled by any fears, who would have laughed to scorn the airy aspirations of my sonnet—and of the later verses, touched with a decreasing melancholy, that chronicled my emergence from that fever. In a way, I am glad that it all ended so, since Maude is, for me,

ever the same, ever a dreaming girl there in the starlight.

Years afterward, opportunity was offered me to be present at an assembly where I might meet her, and the sudden temptation was not a slight one; but wisdom prevailed over impulse, and I set out again upon the tramping tour that was my midsummer diversion in that year. All the leafy hedges reminded me of Maud, the birds sang of her, and at evening when I pitched my tent at the summit of a little hill, the same stars smiled down.

The wreaths curling upward from my pipe took on the shape of her shadow, danced away from me, returned,

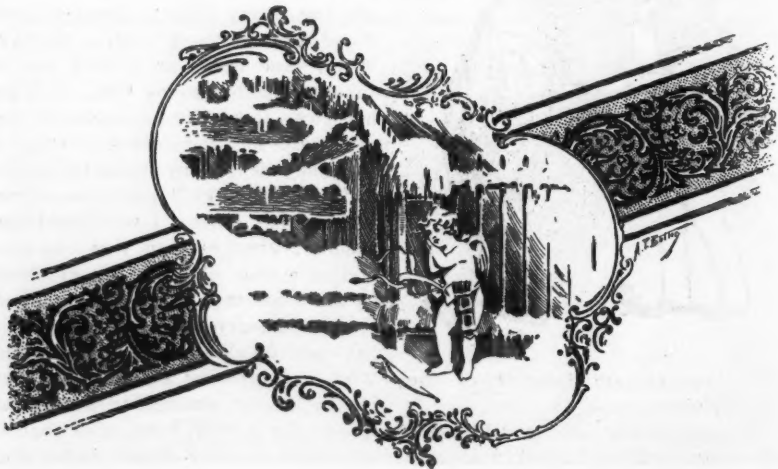
challenging me, and passed out on the rising breeze. After all, said the wind, there are worse friends than

freedom and one's pipe. But I knew that this was the shallowest of sophistry, and that night was a lonesome one. I dreamed of a cottage, Maud in the door, children shouting in a grassy yard at play.

Still, the sun rose next morning. The sun is a sane old fellow, and there is something very prosaic in plodding through dusty highways. That was a mighty sweet girl, too, who handed me a cup of water at

the half way house—fit to make any reasonable man happy. Heigho! dreams for poets, women for men!

(To be continued)



ON THE GERMAN BOAT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

By Peter MacQueen, Staff Correspondent, now in the Transvaal

NAPLES, April 15, 1900.

WHEN I embarked on the German boat at Amsterdam, I had some difficulty in finding any one who spoke English. Finally, in the smoking-room, I found a man of open face and travelled appearance. He said he spoke English and was from California. "But," he continued to me, "as you are an Englishman, I guess you won't find yourself much at home on this boat. We won't waste much sleep here on the permanence and greatness of the bloomin' British Empire."

I hastened to assert that I was an American and perfectly harmless, and we soon became good friends. My companion was a Mr. Grote, an Outlander returning to the Transvaal. His passport had been stolen by a Kafir. He had left Johannesburg upon the proclamation of President Krüger requiring all Outlanders who had not passports to leave the country. But he was a warm supporter of the Krüger government, which he declares to be more democratic than that at Kimberley. He showed me his tax bill for 1899, which was only \$4.50 for the whole year, and was receipted by J. Z. Villiers, the landdrost of Johannesburg. Grote also declared that there were no grievances among the vast body of Outlanders. In most regards, the Boer government favored the average man as against the monopolist. When at the Schules farm, near Pretoria, diamonds were found, the entire estate was gobbled up by J. B. Robinson. When Krüger saw this tendency to monopolize, he got a law

passed making it impossible ever in the future to have diamond monopolies in the territory of the Transvaal. This same Robinson, who is a Scotchman and a burgher, is in favor of President Krüger.

After I had talked an hour or two with Grote, it was time for the vessel to start. Near the gangway I asked some one in English to take a letter ashore for me. A young German who spoke good English advised me to give it to the policeman who stood at the end of the gangway, but the officer refused to understand English. An old man who was going ashore offered to carry it, and insisted that I must meet his son, who was going to South Africa. The son was a bright boy of twenty, a Hollandish Outlander, and after the boat left, and ever since, I have found him a very intelligent boy.

As the German steamer sailed slowly through the canal, I had a chance to witness the temper of the people of Holland toward their kin in South Africa. On the slightest provocation the band would play "Het Volkslied Transvaalen," the national hymn of the Boers. The people on the banks of the canal would wave their hands and sing the martial air. Even the children stopped their playing and ran along with the ship, the boys whistling the tune. The Transvaal Volkslied, so full of wild pity and the sadness of hope deferred, was written by Miss Katrina Van Rees of Zutphen, Holland. She wrote both music and words. It is sung and played all over Europe, and my friend

the baron was nearly mobbed in the Bay of Biscay because he refused to take off his hat when the Germans sang the Volkslied.

He was a wise man who said: "I do not care who writes the laws of a nation if I can write their songs."

When our ship swung out of the canal and into open sea, some German students aboard, who were leaving their sweethearts standing on the last lock of the canal, sang a verse of an old Schwabian folk song which runs:

Must I then, must I then, now leave this town—
And you, my love, stay here?
When I come, when I come, when I come again,
Shall I call on you, my dear?
I cannot always be with you, but your love still gives
me cheer.
When I come, when I come, when I come again,
Shall I call on you, my dear?

How you weep, how you weep, that I wander forth,
As if our love were through;
Tho' outside, tho' outside, there are maidens fair,
Yet I shall still be true.
Do not think, when I see another girl, that I'll lose
my love for you;
Tho' outside, tho' outside, there are maidens fair,
Yet I shall still be true.

In a year, in a year, when the grapes are ripe,
I shall stay no more away.
Then if you still are true, my love,
It will be our wedding day.
In a year, in a year, my time is past,
Then I'll live in your love for aye.
Then if you still are true, my love,
It will be our wedding day.

This song in an old Rhine dialect seemed very touching. It was customary in Germany, in former times, when a young man finished his apprenticeship, for him to travel around the country for a year, working here and there and gaining experience. From this the song grew.

As the soft hedges of Holland faded dimly from eyes misted by twilight or tears, I thought of these young fellows and of the troubled land to which they were going. Would they ever "come again" to their waiting sweethearts? Perhaps—perhaps not. A year before I had sailed with General Lawton and his gallant officers. Now

many are where the rifle's ring is heard no more. My old friend, Lieutenant Jack Gregg, the liveliest and loveliest of the lads who sailed with us last year, is in his grave; Lieutenant Cheney died of many wounds; and the brave and kindly Lawton died of one fell bullet through his gallant heart.

Filled with these reflections, I went in from the bluff March gale which raged on deck and sought the warm cheer of the sitting room. It was evident to me at once that I was not welcome. The young Germans around the tables with their eternal beer had me down for an Englishman. There was a doctor among them who had lived in London. He is quite a wag, and he took me in hand. The room became wonderfully tropical when I told them I was going to Pretoria and did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon alliance. There were a large number of young fellows who did not know where they were going—three barons, many doctors, and others who said they were tradesmen. The doctor sat amid the beer bottles and closely examined my accent, which I made just as Americanized as possible.

Two days afterward we were in the horrible Bay of Biscay. The vessel was top-heavy and reeled like a student full of beer. Old sailors began to look anxious, and orders were given to unshackle the life-boats as a precaution.

There are quite a large party of Hollanders with us. They do not drink much, but are clear-headed, quiet fellows, who take deep counsel with their big, long pipes. Nearly every great virtue of manhood is exhibited by the Hollanders. They do not like to be called Dutch, because they say that in England the word Dutch is opprobrious.

We have Portuguese, French, Germans, English, Hollanders and Ameri-

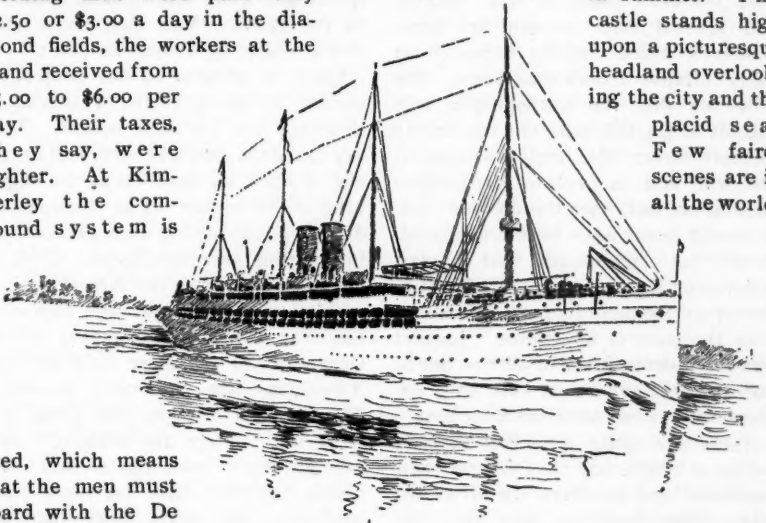
cans. The English behave splendidly in somewhat trying circumstances. It is quite noticeable that all those who have been in the Transvaal and Cape Colony before favor the Boers. This is true of the Englishmen as well as the other nationalities represented.

All the Outlanders say that they prefer the government of Johannesburg to that of Kimberley. When working men were paid only \$2.50 or \$3.00 a day in the diamond fields, the workers at the Rand received from \$5.00 to \$6.00 per day. Their taxes, they say, were lighter. At Kimberley the compound system is

been from Cape Colony and Natal, where hundreds of thousands of the people sympathize with the Boers, and many British born subjects are openly with the Afrikaner Bond.

We stopped at Lisbon for the mail and had a few hours to go ashore. A party of us went out five miles in the beautiful Portuguese spring to the Castle of Cintra, where the king resides

in summer. The castle stands high upon a picturesque headland overlooking the city and the placid sea. Few fairer scenes are in all the world,



used, which means that the men must board with the De Beers Company, and also buy all supplies from them. In the Rand the men buy from and board with whom they please. There is little or no ill-feeling on the boat and no discussions of politics are heard.

It is very evident, from talking with the Germans who know the facts, that the Boers have received little if any military training from Russian, French and German officers. Not many men, comparatively, have gone from Europe to fight for the Boers. In almost every case, say the Germans, the strategy and fighting have been handled by the Boers themselves. The reinforcements received have

The Germans declared it was far ahead of the Rhine. It was like a dream after the nightmare of Biscay Bay. Along the winding roads the camellias, acacias and primroses made the air soft and honey-sweet. We ran and leaped and shouted like boys just out from school. The air was wine; the moist earth-smell, the call of the divine morning was in our blood. Far from our thoughts were the fever and devouring fury of war; the swart clouds over the blood-stained veldt. The glorious lark was singing in the queen's garden of roses. We did not even remember that the

owner of the castle ruled in that far Delagoa Bay which might yet be the answer to the great sphinx riddle of Africa.

This boat, "Herzog" of the German East Africa line, is a rare place to study up the Boer question. Here are fifteen or sixteen nationalities—Germans, Hollanders, English, Americans and Outlanders predominate. General Joubert's niece, a Mrs. Morris, and several Boer women are here. Joubert's neice has no hopes of an early collapse of Boer resistance. She tells me that the townspeople may submit to English rule, but the sturdy farmers, never. Her uncle was against the war and in favor of progressive legislation, but, once the die was cast, he would never have been conciliated. It will be remembered that in 1877, when even Krüger accepted office under Great Britain, Joubert refused to take the oath of allegiance. Joubert was the most beloved of all the Boers, and the Outlanders on this ship express unbounded admiration for him.

There are quite a number of Boer ladies on board, and they tell me their husbands and brothers are all at the war. They have no idea that the Boers will be beaten. All the sociable women's clubs are recruiting women who will take their husband's places in case the latter are sick or killed.

There are many men and many minds on board the "Herzog." Here are English officers going to Uganda, German merchants traveling to Dares-Salom and Chinde to found new colonies for Wilhelm. Then there are Portuguese for Beira and Mozambique and Hollanders for Lorenzo Marquez and the Transvaal, and the Outlanders for Durban. Some strange companions are to be seen. In the steerage are Egyptians, Greeks, Kaffirs; in the third-class cabins are baronets, miners, soldiers and clerks.

Several of the people on the "Herzog" were in the Transvaal up to the time of the victory of Spion Kop. A young Scandinavian named Ribou tells me that he was at the station when eight hundred prisoners were brought in from Nicholson's Nek and other battles. Scarcely one of them was wounded, and they all were apparently delighted to be captured. Ribou heard the British soldiers saying to the Boers: "You men know what you are fighting about; we don't."

Quite a number of our passengers seem to be going to the Transvaal at this time just for their health. They say the air is fine and dry, and at the end of April we shall be at the beginning of the winter. The German student element among us is exceedingly interesting and intelligent. Comparing these men with the American lads with whom I sailed through this same sea over a year ago, I should say the Germans are the more studious; the Americans are the more practical. There are six or eight Red Cross men with us. They are evidently very efficient men from the German Red Cross, but they have far more paraphernalia and more form than our doctors and stewards had. Yet I question if they will get to the wounded any quicker or render as able and prompt aid as the Yankee ambulance corps did in Santiago and the Philippines.

I am more and more convinced that the Boers did not get much aid from Europe. If all the non-English boats going into Delagoa Bay from Europe since October 11 had been crowded, they would not have been able to land over a few thousand. On the other hand, the Germans here are very positive that few of their regular officers direct the Boers. These latter have done nearly all the strategic work and practically all the fighting.

SPIRITS OF KILLARNEY LAKES

By Martha Young

THERE are no more beautiful violets the world over than the violets of Lakeview beyond the Highlands of Birmingham, most bustling city of Alabama. Pale they are, and faintly blue; there are none like them under the sun, unless they be the pale bog-violets (*viola palustris*) of Ireland. Up the mountain sides that roll back from lake and dummy line they bloom.

Mistress Maloney descended from the step of the car and in lusty brogue directed her son Pat about her sundry packages. These they carried to the peak-roofed shop on the edge of the line. It looked under the shadow of the mountain for all the world like a toy Noah's ark.

"Hey, Nora, we're back," called Mistress Maloney to the girl who stood inside the store door. You kep' store good for me. Well, Birmingham is warming up. Them pavements was warm! But this is good. Just a dhrop, Nora," Molly Maloney was saying aplogetically; "Just to keep the heat out."

"It was just to keep the cold out last time."

"Hey? Was it then? Well very like—"

The coolness from hill and lake, the pleasant sense of home-coming combined to make Mistress Maloney feel very well with the world.

"Nora, now, this is like the old country!—Close your eyes never so little and yonder's Killarney—that there lake—and if ever there was a mountain like old Glenaa it's that one. Just take an inch for mile, you know—ah, but the old country, it was good!"

"This is better," declared Nora as she helped Pat with the packages.

"Where your sweetheart is that's the best country—hey, Nora!"

"Well, well."

"Has there ever a body been here, Nora?" asked Molly, her eyes out on the waters that she chose to-day to call like Killarney of the old land between its mighty hills, Glenaa and Toomies.

"Yes. And is here yet."

"You don't say!"

"A slip of a girl; says she is from Killarney side—"

"You don't say then!"

"Sh- Sh- Sh! She's here."

Above them, on the narrow stair that led to Nora's little room in the roof, the stranger stood; her eyes of pale Irish blue were wide and anxious, her hair was like smooth jet.

"Come down, my girl," cried Mrs. Maloney. "She's been thramping," she whispered to Nora.

"Afoot from Chattanooga," whispered Nora.

"What's your name, then, friend," called Molly, heartily, "come sit here on the door-step, it's a bit of air you are wanting."

"I should be off again," murmured the girl.

"It's that you are looking for some one then, that's the tale. I know it all. You've been going to mines and around to the coke-ovens, and about the shops and furnaces. Your man or your sweetheart?"

"Sweetheart or ever we were so high," holding one hand a little above the floor.

"And you've been working and saving to come across water?"

"It's mother and me. She gave me ever a bit of half the passage."

"She wants you to have him?"

"And find him."

"And your name?"

"Ita Maguire."

"Not Ita M'Closkey's girl!"

"Yes."

"She married Emmet Maguire. Me and her has been a-Katherining together many is the day."

"She's dead sixteen year."

"Ah, me, that it is always. They are dead—dead. What's the age of you?"

"Eighteen come Saint Kentigern's Day."

"Ain't you hungry then?"

"She gave me something," with a grateful look at Nora, "but it's here—" and one hand fluttered to her heart, "and Mike—no!—not dead!"

She would have fallen but that Nora's arms caught and held her up. "Fetch the cot, Pat, and stretch it here. Never a bit could we get her upstairs—nor—down—if it come to that." Nora's face now was as white as the stranger's.

"Mike—you were saying—"

"Shame, Nora to pester her."

But Nora persisted. "Mike—?"

"Mike—do you know him?—Mike Killibrew?"

"You are never meaning him!"

"Shame, Nora! And ain't there a hundred and one of your Mike Killibrews!"

"His hair is like asphodels, yellow and curly—you know him?"

The anxious eyes looked into Nora's, but they grew meaningless and wandering. The long strain had been too much.

The gentle voice went on and on, with stories of boy and girl love, with bits of old Irish song, tales of St. Patrick's festivals, of midsummer divina-

tions—and always the same name over and over.

The two women sat long in silence at their watch over the stranger.

"When was it then, Nora, that you and your Mike was to marry?"

"It was next month." Unconsciously she spoke as though it were a thing no longer looked forward to. A faint light of stars came out over the lake. Nora rose to put on a walking coat.

"Where are you going to, Nora?"

"I want Pat to go with me—to the furnace—"

"But this poor creature—"

"And ain't there a hundred and one of your Mike Killibrews?"

"There ain't but one man on earth for her—"

"The same for other folks." Nora was tying her bonnet strings.

"It ain't the same growing up with a one like and just knowing a man six months or so."

Nora tied a careful bow under her chin. Something far tighter seemed tied about her heart as the blue eyes smiled up at her from the cot.

The Park Furnace was a patch of black on the grey evening. The smoke from its chimneys made quivering shadows along the dim earth. The doors of the ovens that watchman Mike Killibrew attended seemed like doors to the infernal regions. Within were whirling blazes, flames of red, blue and gold wheeled vehemently round and round, like the curbed wings of some fallen angel—imprisoned, bound, but still full of futile restlessness.

Nora went near the watchman and touched his shoulder.

"Oh! Nora? You scared me. Why, what brings you here! I thought you were one of the Little Folks—the fairies, they are out to-night—this is neen na Beal tina!"

"May Eve. I know it. Pat came

with me; you wan't afraid, eh Pat?"

"Those Little Folks'll give you and Pat both a blast for daring them."

They talked of many things ere Nora could bring herself to speak of what had brought her there.

"I'm wondering, Mike, if you ever loved any girl but me?"

"Now! I'm wondering, Nora, what you'll be for wondering next!"

"Say now in the old country—didn't you love anybody like you are loving me?"

"No, never the same, Nora."

"Then I'm wondering was it more?"

"Not more, Nora. It's just you and me in the world, Nora; and nobody else in it if my thinking of them had to make 'em."

"I knew it, Mike," she sobbed. "I knew it." But with a woman's persistency: "Was there anybody near Killarney side you loved just a little?"

"The old woman."

"Not your mother, then?"

"Well," Mike hesitated, "as our wedding day is so nigh, I don't mind telling you, Nora, there was a girl in the old country, and we were sweet-hearts—"

"You were promised?"

"Well—yes, but that was four—five years ago—and never word in all that time have I written to the old country."

"She'd never be following you out across water, Mike?"

"Never a bit. But funny you got to talking of this. I've been thinking of that old time to-night, like I haven't been thinking in years—it must be the little people out May Eve—if they have come 'cross the water after us—that set me thinking. But, Nora, I don't want to go back to loving her nor nobody but you—"

"Was she called Ita Maguire?"

"The same. How did you know?"

"Maybe it's the Fairies telling me—but I must be going. I just came to

say—" she went hesitatingly to the door—"Come, Pat!" She looked back—"I came to say you'll be sure to come by Mis' Maloney's in the morning as you are leaving your watching?"

Mistress Maloney sat at the foot of the cot where the tired girl still babbled of old days.

"Don't you want to lie down a bit, Mistress Maloney?" asked Nora.

"It's as fresh as Whitsunday ale you're looking, Nora," cried Molly, with a start; "but it's not me as'll desert the poor creature. It's a doctor she ought to be getting in the morning, but I don't know how she'll be getting one—"

"I'll get her one," said Nora.

"Eh, Nora, it's the good heart that's in you then."

Nora sat in the doorway to share the watch.

Ita babbled of bright times and gay days—and always it was the same name over and over.

As the first glimmer of gray dawn crept over the earth, a great quietness came to the sick girl.

A wind began to shake the trees on the mountain side. A faint luster of rose exhaled from the east. Its light fell across the face of the sleeping girl. She opened wide her blue eyes, she rose on the couch, she looked eagerly out of the open door.

Nora put her arms about her, a warm, steady support.

"La na Beal tina! May morning!" whispered the girl; "am I home again? That's Lake Killarney—it's near sun-rising—is it good luck this May morning?—is it blessings this year?—Spirit of Killarney—to see you once!"

A whirl of wind struck the lake as it had never been stricken before; from its center rose a wave, steely in the gray morning, white with foam as the wind whirled it over the lake.

"It is good fortune!" whispered the girl ecstatically, "for I see him—Spirit of Killarney, Prince of la na Beal tina—noble O'Donoghue!"

She sprang forward, her eyes on the lake. Nora could hardly hold the slight form palpitating with joy while the girl's voice fluttered on with her happy imaginings. "I see him. He rides a mighty horse and the mane that blows in the wind is white—he is all glittering in steel—his white plume is waving. He is like the old iron men in the hall of Drogheda—"

"It is O'Donoghue, Prince o' good luck she's seein'—and me—" sobbed Nora; "I'm seein' nothin' but grey water and white foam—and no luck at all—"

"They are with him—the men and the maidens—they are dressed in green—pale as new willow boughs—and some are in white—and they've garlands then—they are coming toward Glenaa—O'Donoghue rides bravely among them—"

"And it's me," sobbed Nora, "that see nothing but water and new leafing trees, and blooming dogwood on the mountain side, and shining again in the lake."

"Blessings the year it is then," whispered the girl, falling back into Nora's arms.

The wind lulled, the little lake lay quiet between the hills. Just as the sun dispelled every memory of darkness, the two girls looking out at the doorway saw Mike, the night watchman, coming with blithe step toward them.

The radiance of the morning sprang into Ita's eyes. She forgot the weary way she had travelled. She forgot the clasp of the arms that had supported her all the dark hours. She only knew that Mike lived and that she had found him.

Nora looked steadily at him as he

came whistling to the shop. She noted with unflinching eyes the wave of surprise that surged over him, the renewal of old love that swept over him at sight of Ita's rare beauty, and at her bliss at seeing him.

Molly Maloney awoke with a start. "Who is it that is going for the doctor?" she cried.

"Who's wanting a doctor then?" said Mike.

"It's a priest they are wanting then," said Nora. "Mister Killigrew, isn't it a wedding ring you've got in your pocket for somebody?"

Mike, stupefied with the stress of events and emotions, could but obey Nora's clear glance, and fumbling in his pocket, laid a bright ring in Ita's thin hand.

"It is me that will go for the Father then; I, Mister Killigrew," persisted Nora.

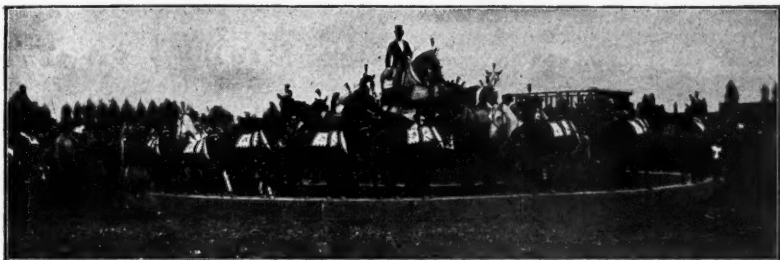
"Nora," whispered Molly, as the girl passed her; "it is the good heart that is in you then, Nora."

"It was to be," whispered Nora; "she saw the O'Donoghue riding on the lake this morning—and me, I saw nothing at all, at all, but the same little lake—"

"You don't say then, Nora!—Same as the old folks say he used ride on Killarney Lakes?—the Prince of Good Fortune. She saw the spirit?"

"Eh, she saw him," said Nora, hurrying off.

"Oh, it's the good heart that's in her," murmured Mrs. Maloney; "and this poor child she saw the old Ghost o' Killarney!—and Nora awake and just seeing common things—I wisht I'd a-had my eyes open; I'd not a-missed seeing him—worst luck to me to been noddin'. And wa'n't I just a-sayin' last evenin' that that lake looked like Killarney, and yonder hill like Glenaa, and yonder slope like Toomies!"



WHAT THE PUBLIC DOES NOT SEE AT A CIRCUS

By Alf. T. Ringling

THE wonders of a big modern circus are not so much in the show the audience sees, strange though this may be, as in the working details that lie hidden just beyond the public's view. On the other side of the tri-colored curtains that separate the dressing-rooms from the spectators, is found the real life of the actor-folk; the rings and stages are merely the screens upon which such parts of the view judged to be most pleasing to the circus-goers, are shown.

As a characteristic of American life, "circus day," no matter on what day it occurs, is a semi-public holiday. We have other holidays, but there is only one circus day.

In the rush and activity of city life, the coming and passing of the circus, though no less interesting, is not so emphasized by its surroundings as in a country town. Here one may see to-day a meadow where only the peaceful grazing of the cows gives life to the scene, and to-morrow, Aladdin-like, a great city of white tents has arisen, its many flags and acres of canvas undulating in the morning

breeze, its inhabitants, numbering many hundreds, moving about with the nonchalance of old settlers, yet there only for the day.

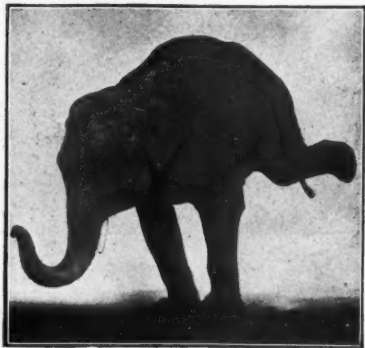
Enchantment played no part in the erection of the tents. Hard work and quick, intelligent action, dominated by system, comprised the magic that reared this city of an hour, which has its blacksmith shop with ringing anvil, barber shop, hotel, wagon shop, post office and paint shop. In fact, all it needs to be a town in itself is a state charter and a village council; for it has its doctor, its lawyer, its veterinary surgeon, its mail carrier and its detective.

To transport the Ringling Brothers' circus and menagerie, sixty-five cars, averaging sixty feet in length, are required. Every cage, chariot, horse, elephant or other animal has an individual spot on one of the cars for it. Everything is loaded at night with special reference to the order in which it will be required on the morrow, and the several trains follow each other in regular order, as well.

The first train of cars carries the

superintendents and working people, the draught horses, tent and pole wagons and canvas. As soon as this

NOT DONE IN THE JUNGLE



train reaches the next town, the superintendent of tents, with his assistants, starts for the show grounds to "lay out" the lot. With tape lines the location of each tent is soon measured out and a perfect plan of the grounds made. In a few minutes more, hundreds of small steel pins mark the places where the stakes which hold the tent ropes are to be driven.

The canvasmen are detailed in squads of six and eight pounding at one stake, their rapid strokes following each other like the regular swing of a pendulum. It takes ten

minutes to lay out the lot and about a half hour to drive the stakes, and then the welcome sound of the breakfast horn is heard.

While the chef and his assistants are cooking the breakfast, the waiters, dish-washers and other cook-tent employes erect the dining tents, place the tables in position and get them ready for an army of employees. Forty minutes to build a hotel, and on its completion to have a meal ready for hundreds of hungry men! It is quick time, but it is part of the system, and a very necessary part, for it has a great deal to do with the driving of the tent stakes. It accelerates the speed of the sledge gangs, who know that they will not be ready for breakfast any

HOW AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTH IS PULLED

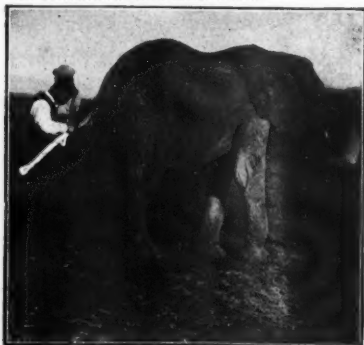


sooner than breakfast will be ready for them.

All of the working people of the circus eat on the show grounds. The performers, musicians and principals have meals served to them in specially constructed Pullman dining cars.

While the canvasmen are eating breakfast, tentage in immense bales, ropes and long poles accumulate on the lot until a sight is presented which to the novice seems chaotic, but the speed with which the long poles are raised skyward, the tents unrolled and laced together and ropes fastened to hold everything in place, shows that

AMPUTATING AN ELEPHANT'S TAIL



every bit of circus paraphernalia is unloaded by the teamsters just where needed.

The first show for the public is the parade. In one-day stands, except in the event of some unusual delay, it leaves the show grounds at ten o'clock. In this long cavalcade of hundreds of horses, uniformed people and gaily trapped animals everything has its place.

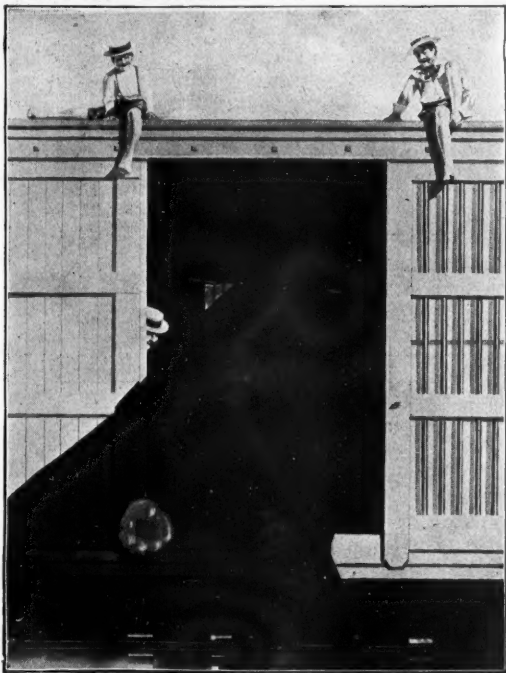
On the return of the parade to the show grounds the cages and dens are wheeled into the menagerie tent. The cages must be placed snugly together. Horses cannot do this, so two men take a short tongue and thus guide each vehicle into place while an elephant pushes it. The intelligence displayed by these big beasts in performing this work is truly remarkable and as interesting as any of their feats in the rings.

I remember once seeing one of our elephants called "Babe" pushing with all her might to move the hippopotamus den into place. The ground was muddy, and the big pachyderm's efforts merely tended to sink the big van deeper into the yielding sod. After several attempts to move the den, Babe stepped back a few feet, stood as if reflecting a moment and then deliberately wound her trunk around the axle and raised the wagon out of the mud, at the same time pushing it forward while the men in front "poled" it into position.

In teaching an elephant to perform in the ring the trainer depends upon the animal's intelligence and memory,

while the horse learns to do things by habit. It would seem from this that a greater degree of patience is necessary in training a horse. This, how-

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"



ever, is not the case, for the horse, after being induced to do a thing many times, will from force of habit repeat the thing, while the elephant has enough of the reasoning sense in him to question the utility of repeating his lessons at times.

In the winter quarters of our circus is a large brick building where the elephants are housed. In the center of the structure is a training ring of the regulation circus size. All winter the trainers are busy teaching the elephants new tricks and rehearsing them in the old ones. To teach an elephant to dance a hornpipe, to play a barrel-

organ, to beat a drum and to play upon a brass trombone are achievements which require patient hours and many of them; and these are given ungrudgingly by the trainers during the long winter months while the circus is at rest—and what is called “rest” with a circus is really a continuation under different circumstances of the “strenuous life” of the showman.

The hardest task in teaching an elephant is to make him stand on his front feet, while his rear extremities point in the direction of ten o'clock. Only by years of patient work can this be done, and the elephant selected for the work must be a young animal so that the muscles needed to maintain a position so unnatural for such a heavy beast may be developed and strengthened for the feat. There is no particular rule for training an elephant to do a thing of this kind. The trainer simply uses his resources to get the animal in

the position desired as often as possible. Madame Noble's horse, Jupiter, which

WHAT THE AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEE



walks across the ring in a vertical position, while the daring horsewoman maintains her position in the saddle, was taught the feat while a colt by being fed apples from a point high above his head, which he could reach only by raising himself to the position for which he has since become famous. The tender muscles of the colt were thus developed to sustain him in a position

unnatural to the horse of everyday life; and the task of afterward making him perform this work in a place where apples could not be fed to him from a derrick, was solved by rewarding him immediately after he passed from the big tent into the passage-way to the stables.

Kindness, patience and perseverance are the key to the training of all animals. Of the sixty-one horses in the O'Brien act, which is such a leading

A CORNER OF THE WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM



feature of our ring performances, each animal had to be first trained individually; and only after many months of patient work could more than one horse be added at a time, the number training together being increased by twos and fours gradually, until the entire sixty-one were brought together.

Every animal has some inherent trait by which it is made to learn. All animals in varying degrees are reached by their sense of taste. A dominant and sensitive chord in the horse is pride, and the trainer must sound it at proper moments. He must be a diplomat in dispensing flattery to the proud animal. He needs all the fin-

and lungs developed to receive it, shower baths and a good digestion

A SLEDGE GANG



make him a normal, physical type who, in consequence, enjoys moral health as well.

Probably the most mysterious part of the circus, and the one which is hidden the most securely from the public eye, is the dressing room, which is divided into two compartments, one for the men and one for the women. Each one of these enclosures has a row of trunks laid around the sides, while the center is mapped out like the streets of a town. Each trunk is a dressing table, and it is not unusual to see 150 persons dressing in the aisles of either room.

. . .

Those who have seen the wonderful act of Millie Turnore, have, perhaps,

PULLING UP A STAKE



never thought of her except as a young woman of nerve and courage.

LACING A BIG TENT



esse of a suitor wooing a high-strung belle of the season.

While the animals of a circus are worked hard and long to perfect them in their feats, the people who perform in the rings, on the stages, hippodrome and races, each working from a personal motive and imbued with individual ambitions, submit themselves to a most rigid discipline of training. Abstemiousness is a positive necessity to the performer who would have his nerves and muscles steady and strong for his "stunts." The regime of exercise to which he applies himself both winter and summer produces a physical type so sound that there is no thirst for stimulants. Fresh air,

As they watch her swinging in the dome of the tent on the slender rod of the trapeze, never once touching her hands, they are too lost in amazement to inquire into that part of her life which is beyond the tent. To the spectator she is a circus performer, but those acquainted with her domestic life know her as a loving mother. In a seminary in the east there are three girls, who twice each week write to this brave woman. One is just finishing her education and the other two are steadily advancing in their studies. The money that is providing these daughters with a college education is earned by the woman whose performance has thrilled thousands.

Every show, no matter how big, had its beginning just as the oak grew from the acorn, and almost as slowly. I cannot remember when my brothers and I were not in the show business. It might almost be said that we toddled from the cradle into the sawdust, for we began when the youngest of us was barely out of skirts to transform our hayloft into a circus arena, and the admission was ten pins. Later we ran a pony show on the neighboring common, having an old tablecloth for a tent. One of our first ventures was a panorama, painted by an artistic neighbor boy on the back of brown wall paper and mounted on wooden

A MUSICAL MALAPROP



rollers. Some larger boys in a spirit of jealousy, perhaps, tore the show to pieces when its financial success had reached the munificent sum of thirty-three cents. Our next effort was not weak-

ened by this first misfortune, for a short time later, we had organized a show to which an admission of five cents was charged. In this show we had a real live horse and it was our own—the first one we had ever possessed. We were prouder of it than we are to-day of the 500 fine bred horses in our stables, and to get it we traded all our youthful junk, consisting of an old silver watch, all of our jack knives and a skiff.

This scraggy old pony was hitched to a democrat wagon which we had painted red, and with a Jew's-harp, an accordeon, a mouth-organ and an old army trumpet, we made our first parade.

Our first performance was to us a triumph, and it was the talk of the town boys for the next month. Our show began with a grand entry. My brother Otto, seated on the pony which did duty as the band chariot team, led the spectacle. We all wore costumes supposed to designate us as star performers. The tights, trunks, leotards and other things with which circus performers decorate themselves, were made from every imaginable thing from a red tablecloth to a crazy quilt.

The entry was concluded by the introduction of a borrowed goat, led by my six-year-old brother, John, who was playing the clown. My brother Al played the king, and when he dismounted to receive the honors of his loyal subjects, the goat took offence at some of the red in his robe and was

THE CLOWN BANDMASTER



guilty of *lese-majesty*. The king wept bitterly, not because of the affront offered him by one of his humble subjects, but because it hurt. We went through a program as near as possible to our ideas of what a circus performance should be, and the audience courteously remained quiet.

Our success in pleasing our school-mates fired our ambitions, and we resolved to own a real circus some day. We soon came to the conclusion that to be successful we must perfect ourselves in certain branches of our chosen profession. Accordingly we began a study of music first, joined the village band, and at odd times practised juggling, singing, dancing and comedian work. Our first real professional venture was as youths giving exhibitions in town halls and school-houses. We had associated with us two amateurs, making a company of six, one of my brothers having gone ahead in the capacity of advance agent. His billing material consisted of a stock of yellow window hangers, carried in a cotton hand-satchel, and about five dollars' worth of stock lithographs done up in a shawl-strap. I shall never

forget the chilly October morning we left our parental abode and took the train for a neighboring village to give our first professional performance. We again rehearsed at the town hall in our first stand, and then sallied out to parade with our little band, the yellow hangers staring at us from shop windows, and our own names upon them taking our breath

away. There was about fifteen dollars in the house that night, but the audience of fifty-nine people looked bigger than an audience of 15,000 does under our tents to-day.

These musical entertainments of our early career were the cause of our combining the musical with the exhibitional in a way which I hope I may say without egotism, has given our circus

MADAME NOBLE. "JUPITER'S" MISTRESS



entertainments a distinct characteristic charm—a sort of blending of the operatic and hippodramatic that makes a symphony of motion and music in its combination of gracefully performing men and women, in fact, a rendering of melody sympathetic with, and telling the story of, the exploits in the ring.

After a few years of varying success,

feast to-day, and famine to-morrow, we found ourselves in possession of ten or twelve hundred dollars, and again grew ambitious to embark in a circus venture. Like many others unfamiliar with the business, we made

formance did much toward mitigating the meagreness of our entertainment. He would always wind up his speech with the following words:

"I am an old man. For forty years I have rested my head upon a stranger's pillow. I have traveled in every state in the union, and have been associated with every showman of prominence in America. I will soon pass to the arena of life that knows no ending, and when I do I want to die in harness and connected with these boys. If I could have my dying wish granted, it would be that my name might remain associated with that of Ringling Brothers, for I can tell you that," and here the old man's voice would drop to a prophetic decision,

THE CAMP FIRE OF THE COOK TENT



many mistakes, the principal one being in spending all our money in equipping the show, leaving nothing for running expenses.

Our show was billed as the "Yankee Robinson and Ringling Brothers' Great Double Circus," having combined our capital of old nags and hope with Yankee's reputation, "making a combine of resources unparalleled in the history of tented amusements," as the bills read.

From this humble beginning our show has grown to its present proportions, and often as I think of the 1,000 persons comprising our show to-day, with audiences of 12,000 to 20,000 people, and compare our first pony with our present stable of 500 horses, our express wagon with the hundreds of gorgeous dens and chariots, I recall the prediction which Yankee Robinson used to make during his announcements in the old days when his funny speeches in the ring before each per-

formance did much toward mitigating the meagreness of our entertainment. They are the coming men."

In trying to fulfill the prediction of this old showman we have realized that success can attend only those motives which, removed from the mercenary, have for their object the building up of an amusement enterprise which is morally helpful as well as entertaining. And magnitude, though necessary to it, is not greatness, for only things that are good can be great. I believe that all amusements founded on this principle will, with intelligence and energetic management, succeed. To be good, mankind must be happy, and there can be no nobler aim than to make the path that lies between the cradle and the last sunset as bright as possible. To loosen the chains which, for a time, hold man captive to his duties, is the mission of amusement, and to do this it must be pure and wholesome.

THE FACE OF OMPAH

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

GREGOIRE BOBIER sat sunning himself on the end of the rough little pier which ran from the white shore out into the clear green water, wherein one could look down, through shimmering rings of gold, to where the pebbles wavered on the bottom far below.

The smoke from Gregoire's pipe whirled in dissipating spirals down the wind, and on his seamed and weatherbeaten face rested a look of keen content. Between the whiffs he hummed fragments of tunes; and his gaze was far away, beyond the wind-play on the water, beyond the pines and hemlocks, out even to the wide spaces whence came the west winds from the prairies and the peaks.

The tunes he sang were the old airs of the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs des bois*, quaint fragments of half-forgotten days, days with the paddle and the pack, nights under the stars and the pines, bits of melody full-filled of the wind in the cedars and the long minors of the water among the rushes, scraps of song brought from far-off Breton homes, or born of the great sad stretches of the North.

"Fly, fly, little bird," he sang; and stopped. Then he began again:

"Fly, little bird,
Fly through the night.
Fly, fly, little white bird;
In the night the hawk sleepeth.
Fly, fly, my bird,
My little white bird."

"That song," he said, looking at me and nodding slowly, "that song, Jacques Gauthier made it." And he hummed again:

"Fly, fly, my bird,
My little white bird."

"You did not know Jacques. He made that song for Shakoko, la sauvage blanc, the white Indian, she who was the wife of Ba'tiste Perrault in the old days, 'the little white bird.' That is long and long ago: Jacques Gauthier sings no more, nor Ba'tiste, and the little white bird has flown away; but the song is here and I am yet here to sing it. Those were good days." He beat the time gently on his knee and looked out across the water.

"Jacques made that song at first-night camp when Ba'tiste married his little white bird; and that was before the hawk awoke and flew in the night; but afterward he sang it also.

"It was the time of year when the leaves turn yellow on the cottonwoods by the rivers and the wild duck flies south; when the air is like new wine in the blood and it is good to be alive. There were four of us that time, Ba'tiste, Jacques Gauthier, Jo Gondreau and myself, old Gregoire—young Gregoire then, and sure of eye and hand as my comrades. We were in the country of the Assiniboines, on the Riviere d'Arc, and Jo Gondreau said, 'Let us go to the south.'

"So we go to the south until we reach the post of the fur company that is near the place where the Teton joins the great Missouri. There the company has its post for trade. Not the great Hudson Bay Company, but the Fur Company Americain; it is the larger name.

"There was a dance at the post; there was always a dance when the *voyageurs* and the company's men came in, and the free trappers with

their fur-packs from the hills and the plains of the North. We went to the dance, Jacques Gauthier, Ba'tiste and I. Jo Gondreau he did not go, for he had met with old La Chance, who told him tales of the Lac of the Great Bear, and of the strange people on the Coppermine; and Jo was all aflame to go there also, at once—pouf! like that; but La Chance only laughed. But we others, we went to the dance; and there Ba'tiste saw his little white bird for the first time. It is but as yesterday that he come up to me quick, where I stand by the wall, and say:

"'Blood of my soul! Gregoire, there is the woman for me!'"

"I looked where his finger tells, and there she stood, la sauvage blanc, Shakoko, the 'Sweet Leaf', though as yet we knew not her name. There she stood, just within the door, with the wife of Cadotte, the half-breed. Cadotte's wife was also half-breed. I do not like the half-breed; he has all the evil of two races in his one life. Give me, every time, the full blood, white or red.

"But the girl was Indian, full, though she was white, white! My soul! She was white as the grand ladies of Quebec, white as the young sycamore when the bark curls away. That she was all Indian we find out later; just now she is white; and Ba'tiste could not remove his eyes from her, but look and look, until the girl lift her face to his, and her face grew red, slow, red and red, but she never drop her eyes, but meet his full and brave; and in her's came a question.

"How she stood there, across the room, and look at Ba'tiste! Slim she was, and young, and straight as the purple iron-weed: but not stiff, no, but graceful to bend and swift to spring back as the young hickory which the shoulder puts aside. And her face

was all red and white, and her eyes were warm gray, with a light in them like a live coal glowing through thin white ash, with a flash of flame if the wind blow. Her ears were like the curled leaves of the beech in spring, against the dark brown of her hair, which hung down across her breasts in two great bands, below her waist. And how she was dressed I do not know; neither did I care then, nor Ba'tiste; it was enough that she stood there and looked at him.

"Do you doubt that Indians are white? But she was white, and there are white Indians, whose women have brown hair, and hair as fair as these slow Swede, and whose eyes are brown and black and blue, even as the eyes and hair of other women. And those white Indians lived, once, by the great Missouri; but they went away into the north, and le bon Dieu he alone knows where they are now. That is the way of the English and the American; because a thing has passed away and they see it not, they say it never has been, and will not believe unless they dig bones from the earth. We of the woods know that there are many things which no man sees or understands.

"This girl, she was white. The Assiniboines got her, a child, from the Ojibbeways of the north, and the 'Riccarees stole her from the Assiniboines; but where the Ojibbeways found her no one knows. And now she was at the post with a band of the 'Riccarees, and Cadotte's wife's mother had been of that tribe. The girl lived in the lodge of the chief; and he held her at the price of many ponies. This we know later; now, the girl stand and look at Ba'tiste.

"At once Ba'tiste went toward her, and she stand there, still with the great question in her eyes, watching him come to her across the room. As

for me, seeing that already there is none but Ba'tiste in the dance for that white maid, I turn away and go to make love to ma'm'selle the daughter of the trader.

"In the morning Ba'tiste come to me and to Jacques and to Jo Gondreau, also to La Chance, who sit with us, and say that he have pay the price of the ponies for that girl; also that one of the young men of the 'Riccarees, Ompah, the Elk, he has offered the ponies. The chief, seeing the two, would like that the girl go to the young man of his own tribe; but Ba'tiste has bid the ponies first, so the chief say the young men must arrange. Of course, that is a fight; for so the chief thought to have the ponies of both, of him who got the girl and of him who got death. Had there not been so many white men he would have keep the ponies of Ba'tiste and give the woman to Ompah, but he dare not; so he say the young men must arrange. So there was

a fight. Oh, yes, but such a fight. There was a little island of sand in the river, firm to the foot; and to that island we went, Ba'tiste and we others, his friends; and Ompah and his friends, too; and the chief with the girl. When we land we saw the

girl, and her face was like paper, only when Ba'tiste look at her the blood come up quick and her eyes shine.



"Sudden she stop, and her face is toward the forest"

Then Ba'tiste strip off his shirt, for the fight was to be with knives, close, to the end; and he step out in front of all, straight and strong, his skin smooth like the skin of a child, but like fine stone to the touch, so hard and firm, and the strength of the man in the

shifting of the muscles under the skin. And the girl looked at him, and her eyes tell him what a woman tells to but one man in her life. Then Ompah step out also, and Ba'tiste went to meet him, smiling a little smile.

"That fight? Pouf! How shall Ompah stand against the quickest and the strongest man of all the *voyageurs*, and the best with the knife? That fight? It was over like this—as I snap my fingers. Ompah's knife flash once, twice; and Ba'tiste smile and smile. Then the Indian's knife flash downward again, and Ba'tiste's left hand go up to meet it, and Ba'tiste's grip is on the wrist of the Elk, and we heard the crack of the bone. Not for nothing was Ba'tiste called 'le main de fer' from Quebec to the Caribous. His knife flash but once: then the friends of Ompah carry him away, and the chief give up the girl.

"So Ba'tiste took her to Father Sebastien. Oh, yes, there was a marriage. That girl, she was not the kind for whom one pays the ponies and takes away without the blessed words; and Ba'tiste was too much a man. So Father Sebastien gave her the holy baptism and married them, and there was a festival and a dance; but the 'Riccarees went away, black and ugly; and the body of Ompah went with them to the high poles of burial.

"After a time we make the start for home, before the winter shall come, and death in the snow-drifts and the wind. La Chance went with us, and we traveled swiftly, not by the way we came, for that was long, and also, through the land of the 'Riccarees, but north and east, by the land of little lakes and the Coteau des Prairie, that we might come to the Red River of the north and so with it to our places near Fort Garry. And Ba'tiste's wife traveled with us. What a woman she was! Strong and merry and brave,

yet tender and quiet, and with something fine about her that fit in well with the wide prairie and the sky at night. Even old La Chance, he who made a scoff at women, he petted her as though she were a child; he it was who first called her the 'little white bird'; and Jacques Gauthier made the song. As for Jo Gondreau and me, we were her servants; and to all of us she was as a sister.

"It was on the fifth night that she saw it first. We were on the Coteau, camped close by a little lake, with many trees about it, and Jacques was singing, when the girl pointed to the woods and gave a little cry.

" 'Ompah!'

"We sprang quick to our feet and our hands grasped our rifles, though we saw nothing. Jo and La Chance ran to the trees, but saw nothing and heard nothing, and so came back to the fire. When we asked why she had cried out she answered that the face of the dead Ompah had looked at her from among the branches of the pines, and the death paint was on it; and to this she stayed without change. For sure, we watched that night, but nothing came; and in the morning we looked among the trees for a trail, but there was no trail, and we looked at each other, for it is not well to see faces without bodies, or bodies that leave no trail. That she had seen the face of Ompah none of us doubted, for that girl was not one to cry out at nothing; no, nor yet to make a face out of a leaf or a bit of white bark.

"You think there was nothing? That it was but of a girl's fancy, excited by new things? Yes, but she is not the only one. And there are many things of the forests and the prairies which are not told in books; voices through the trees, and the feel of the sound of movings in the air; for I myself, old Gregoire Bobier, have heard them at

night, and in the long days alone. And singing from the shores of the far lakes in the woods where there is nothing but the wood-bison and the deer; and the wolf-howl overhead; the rushing of a great wind that stirs no leaf, with the sweeping of wings; the buffalo fleeing when no man pursues; and faces at the window when there is no track in the snow around the cabin.

"Nor was that face seen only of the woman, for on the next night Ba'tiste saw it also, and he said it was the face of Ompah, in the death paint, but with the look as of a devil; and there was no body to that face, and in the morning no trail. No! There was no trail. Had there been a trail we should have found it, for La Chance was the best tracker of the North, and I, Gregoire, in those days, I had the eye of the hawk that stoops for the field-mouse under the grass. There was no trail.

"Once again, when Ba'tiste saw that face, he fired his rifle at it; but that bullet, it was but of common lead, and the next night the face came once more. And the thing was heavy on us all, but most on Ba'tiste and the girl, for it was his knife which had cut short the running of the Elk, and it was she who was the cause; and what it meant, the coming of that face, we could not tell, save that it was evil. And the singing died out in the camp at night, and no one spoke loud, each man waiting, with his rifle, for the coming of that face. But none saw it, save Ba'tiste and his wife; and Ba'tiste swore that it was the face of an evil spirit, and would shoot at it no more, for that bullets would not touch it.

"Said I not that the girl was fine? She stood up before us, one night, and swore to leave us all and to leave Ba'tiste, for that the spirit followed her,

and meant evil to her and to those with her; but if she went out on the plains alone it might be that the demon would still follow her, and so Ba'tiste and the rest might come safe home. But even as she said it there came on her face a look like death, and she stretched out her arms to Ba'tiste. And Ba'tiste he caught her in his arms as he would never let her go, and swore an oath that where she went he went also, in spite of all the devils of hell; and that if evil came to her it must come first through him. And we others said that also, so that she gave over her going and once more sat down by the fire; but before she sat down she gave us, each man, her hand, quiet, without a word; and old La Chance, he who was as a father to her, him she kissed, and Ba'tiste watched her, proud; and before us all he kissed her on the mouth; and so the night passed.

"Then we came to the river, and there we bought two bateaux of the Chippeways who are on its banks, and paddle down to Fort Garry. And we had hope that the spirit might not follow us farther, for there are many spirits of evil who cannot bear the running stream; but this devil it care not for running water, nor for fire, nor yet for the sign of the cross which we all make; and as we travel by the stream so it travel by the land, and now and again Ba'tiste or the girl see that face, the face of Ompah. And there are whispers in the still air by day and by night, and we are no longer merry; and the little white bird sits silent in the bateau, sad that she has brought this on Ba'tiste and on us.

"At the last we come to Fort Garry and to our homes; and Ba'tiste led his wife to the house of his mother; and there she was welcome; for Ba'tiste first, but after for herself. And after

that we come to the fort and to the homes of men, and go before the priest and to mass, that face it is no more seen, and we know it cannot come under the shadow of the cross that is above the little church. So once more we are glad; and Jacques again sings the song of the little white bird, while she, herself, is quick to learn the way of her husband's people. Ba'tiste he is busy with the making of his own house; and we others, we help him, so that it is not many days until it is finish, and ready for the bride.

"Then, on a night, we all make procession to that new house, and Ba'tiste and his wife go first, and the rest follow, with much laughing and singing, and the light of many torches through the trees. And the girl, she laugh, too, and speak to us in the tongue of her husband, so queer that we all laugh at her, and she laugh at herself, for pure joy. When we come before the house, all alight with torches, we stop, and Ba'tiste take his wife by the hand to lead her to her own place. She step over the new threshold and turn about to welcome us to the house, as is her right. In the door she stood, the light behind her, and from the front the red glare of the torches, and

on her face is the look of the woman who comes for the first time to her home with the man she love; and the little touch of the blessed Mother of Heaven that is in the heart of all pure women, it shine in her eyes, so that we are all silent, looking at her there.

"My friends," she say, and raise her arms to us, and a little soft smile is on her lips. 'My friends, my good friends'—

"Sudden she stop, and her face is toward the forest. Then there comes a wicked hissing, as of the war-arrow through the dark, and before us all the little white bird fall forward into the arms of her husband.

"Her hands go to his neck, blind, feeling their way, and clasp behind it. Then the clasp loosen; she turn her face up to his, and smile upon it once, a smile that is a glory and a heartbreak. Then with that smile still upon her face and Ba'tiste's kiss upon her mouth, there is one soft breath, and the little white bird has ended her flying.

"And in her bosom was no arrow, and on all her body there was no wound. But above her heart, below the tender rounding of her breast, is one black mark, the mark as of an elk running through the first white snow of morning."

AT SEA

What lovely land hath it most lately kissed—
 This idle wave that passes while we muse?
 What sign hath sped it hither and renews
 Its journeys for some far and star made tryst?
 Frail phantom of the roving wind and mist—
 What realm of heaven or sunset clime did lose
 To vantage it, such darkling splendid hues
 Of trembling emerald and amethyst?
 From that bright treasure chamber of the sea
 Did Neptune cull the shining gems away
 That star its crest, uncounted and unstrung?
 And whence the mellow song of wind and spray
 Save from Arion, loved of every tongue,
 The old-time prince of ocean melody?

Mildred I. McNeal

THE RACE QUESTION OF TO-DAY

By Hon. W. A. MacCorkle, Ex-Governor of West Virginia

THE race question is no longer a question of the South. It is a question of the whole country, and is affecting the whole body politic. It is a national question that we are confronting. What are we going to do about it?

In the first place we must disabuse the mind in each section of the country of the prejudice which surrounds the race question. The southern men generally believe that the enfranchisement of the slaves at the reconstruction period was entirely from hate, viciousness and revenge on the part of the northern people. A great bulk of the northern people have the idea that the whole object of the southern man was to nullify every one of the *post bellum* amendments to the Constitution, and practically to re-enslave the black; that there was no great or salient question of race instinct or race supremacy, and that the southern man's treatment of the Negro after the war was intended as an insult to the North.

Now, as a matter of fact, neither one of these propositions is correct. A majority of the northern people in their ideas of reconstruction were honest, and their desire for the complete emancipation of the slave was the influence behind them. To some extent there was a vast deal of narrowness and ignorance among the northern people, but as a southern man I do

not believe that the mass of the people in the North intended to wantonly injure and degrade the South.

On the other hand, the southern man was confronted with the most gigantic problem that had ever fallen to a people. With an ignorant, superstitious and alien race in absolute control of his home, holding control of his state government, directing the affairs of his city, wrecking and looting the state, devastating the fields, destroying the schools, and asserting itself ignorantly in all of the affairs of the state, he was naturally restive, and did things which to the northern eye and to the northern mind were not demanded by the circumstances of the situation. To the credit of both North and South, however, the situation is being daily better understood. In the North they are beginning to understand that there is a great question which concerns both sections, the South more nearly, because the South is the seat of the trouble. The South, on its side, has gotten its bearings, laid out its ground and is more thoroughly understanding the situation and how to deal with it.

It is not my purpose to open old wounds, to bring back unpleasant memories, or to stir up race animosities. It is my desire alone in the view I am taking to make the position of the southern man plain and clear to the thinking world. The ignorant Negro is not properly qualified to cast a vote, and neither is the ignorant white man. This is our great trouble. Under the constitution as it stands, ignorant numbers in many states give the right

Mr. MacCorkle is vice-president for West Virginia of the society for the promotion of the study of the race conditions in the south, and was a prominent speaker at the recent meeting of that society at Montgomery, Ala. This article was prepared by him especially for "The National Magazine," as being the periodical best adapted to impartially set forth the question at issue.

of control to the state government. This may be true as a matter of statute law, but it is against the great fundamental principle of the best government of the state and the preservation of the people, and wherever this principle meets the statute law of the land, the statute law will surely be broken to pieces.

The political question has practically brought about the acute trouble between the races. It has debauched the ballot-box and has terrorized both the white and the Negro. To allow the Negro the vote to which in many cases his numbers entitle him, means the ruin of the state, and to take away from him that statute right means the violation of the laws of the land, a position the horrors of which should appeal to every man who loves his country and believes in perpetuating its institutions.

Then how can this danger be eliminated without casting upon the disfranchised the odium such as usually applies to those generally excluded by the suffrage statute? How can we place the disfranchised so that by their own efforts they may become voters?

The South desires the best interests of the Negroes, and desires to give them the franchise when they are sufficiently intelligent to properly use it. Thus, we are brought to the proposition that there is but one plan to enable us to be honest with the Negro, preserve the statute laws, and at the same time save unharmed the great fundamental law of the preservation of the state. That is, to do away with the enforced debaucheries of the ballot, settle the question by inaugurating the highest and most efficient plan of education for the negro, and by confining the ballot to the intelligent citizen, white or black. If this be adopted, it should be carried out impartially and absolutely, and under

this plan the interference with any intelligent voter, white or black, should be visited with the most rigorous penalties known to the law. The glory of the state would be in its intelligent voting population, and the disgrace and dishonor of the state would be in taking from any member of that intelligent voting citizenship the right to cast his vote in any manner he may desire. The limiting the vote in this manner, I insist, should fall impartially upon the intelligent voter, whatever may be his color. The ignorant white voting population of the South is practically as dangerous to her institutions as the ignorant voter in the Negro ranks. Naturally, however, by the greater number of Negroes in some sections, it would mean, and I frankly say it is intended to mean, the elimination of a great many Negroes from the franchise. The taking away from the colored voter any part of the electoral franchise, which, under the pre-existing state of affairs belongs to him, carries with it the corresponding proposition that, under such a condition, the government of the state must absolutely assume the protection of the Negro.

The white man desires to be fair. It is only compulsion which makes him adopt any system which is unfair to the Negroes. There is no intention to disfranchise the Negro as a class. It is not intended to violate the provision as to discrimination on account of the "race, color or previous condition of servitude," but it is intended to do away with any questions as to the fairness of the elections in the South, and to place the highest exercise of citizenship in the hands of those best qualified to exercise its provisions. From a somewhat intimate knowledge of the South and of the men who are in control of its affairs, I believe that there is no possible question but that

the intelligent black will be allowed to approach the ballot-box and exercise his right to vote as impartially as the intelligent white man.

It now remains to ascertain what has been done for the Negro in the way of education in the South, and what has been the effect of education upon the Negro, whether he has appreciably progressed by reason of that education in the direction of an intelligent voting citizenship. It has been somewhat the fashion among certain of our northern friends to hold out the idea that it has been a half-hearted attempt upon the part of the South to educate the Negro, and that what has been done has been done largely through northern philanthropy, and the South has only been playing at public education. Let me say that the war left the South absolutely prostrated, farms devastated, homes destroyed, manufactories leveled, state and personal credit entirely gone through twelve years of actual battle and political debauchery.

It will not be expected that the Negro will be educated and made a splendid citizen within a few years. His education has been attended with great difficulties, and discouragements have been in every step in his existence. He has been a slave, has been degraded, and lives in large masses which are dense and hard to reach. He has even now a comparatively small idea of economic conditions, and the burden of lifting him has been a tremendous one.

In one view, a great deal has been done for the Negro. Large sums of money have been spent upon his education, yet a vast deal of this money has been poorly spent. People in the North, without the knowledge of the social and educational conditions in the South, have spent large sums of money in endowing sectarian and higher institutions for the Negro.

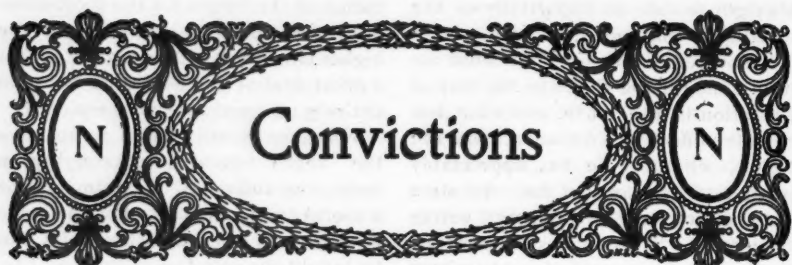
They have lavished great sums of money in many instances on the education of the Negro for the professions of the law, medicine, politics and the higher education. As a matter of fact a great deal of this education has been entirely inopportune and misplaced.

What the South wishes is to have the Negro educated thoroughly in body, soul and mind. Let him become a useful farmer; let an effort be made to make him a useful artisan; let him be taught the social economics of life, social ethics, how to live the cheapest and best; let him be taught the arts of bread-winning, and instead of being a disturber, instead of being a useless hanger-on in the section in which he lives, he will be a builder up of that section and an honor to his race.

Do not understand me to say that general and industrial training will entirely do away with the race question. I mean that when the naturally acute feelings which have been raised by the unintelligent exercise of the ballot by the Negro shall have been dissipated and he will have become educated as an intelligent workman, the race question will be infinitely nearer solution.

The problem will be worked out by the South. Wise men believe that the greatest danger is over. There is no question but that the races are greatly improved by daily contact with each other.

Any man may seem presumptuous when he discusses the future of the Negro question. With the light before me it seems in the present state of evolution the most feasible plan. I do, however, know this with all my heart, that the education of the Negro, the making him better and more intelligent and withholding the ballot from him until he has evolved himself into an intelligent citizen is certainly the best plan for the present.



Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

CURIOSITY—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

THERE is one conspicuous human attribute which carries about a not altogether deserved bad name; undeserved for the reason that all curiosity—the attribute in question—is not as iniquitous as it appears to be. At first glance it is not easy to realize how fully responsible human curiosity is for all human knowledge. Columbus was without doubt the most curious of men—if we except those ambitious to find out what is going on at the North Pole. He was consumed with a desire to know what was going on in the Indies, a strange, outlandish quarter, according to traditional hearsay. As a result, he willingly risked his neck in pursuit of his curiosity.

Mr. Kipling and Mr. Stevenson have confessed to an overweening curiosity concerning the mechanism of the human heart and mind, as displayed in the actions of men. This curiosity led them into remarkable discoveries, and after industrious years of practice at the ablest means of expression, they both succeed in turning their thirst for knowledge to considerable account.

Idle, impertinent curiosity and this thirst for knowledge stand relatively as do socially wholesale and retail liquor or provision merchants. Re-

tail trade appears to be at one end of the social ladder, wholesale at the other. Wholesale curiosity is a thirst for knowledge, easily condoned and greatly admired; but a half-pint thirst is idle impertinence, reprehensible in the extreme.

However, beyond this popular difference there lies another, constituting the backbone of all ethics. The value of any act depends entirely upon the nature of its result upon all individuals involved. If Columbus had had in view, when planning a new route to the Indies, prying with an eye to scandal into the private domestic affairs of the aborigines there to be discovered, his curiosity would have indeed been retail. But the good man was incapable of so little a thought, for, even if he did somewhat upset the domestic arrangements of these natives, once discovered, what he did was done primarily for their best good, along the line of virtue and morality familiar to his personal creed.

His motives, combined with the size of his scheme, labeled his enterprise "a wholesale thirst." In truth, this question of motive is beyond all else the supreme moral puzzle confronting decent people, ambitious to keep themselves clean in the sight of Heaven.

It is so easy to misconstrue one's own motives; to follow one's nose without confessing it out of joint.

But one thing is clear, that without thirst no man would drink what is necessary to keep him alive and healthy; after that discretion in the selection of sanitary liquids is a plain moral responsibility to the clean in spirit.

MRS. DEWEY

THERE was a time when for men who treated a lady ungallantly there existed methods of punishment whose abolition is to be deplored.

In America we have a little war and make a big sensational hero out of it. He returns to his country amid hysterical hero worship; then the poor man commits the indiscretion of taking unto himself a wife without consulting the public as to his choice, and by so doing swings the balance of hysteria the other way. Once married, our hero is by this public no longer held responsible for his own acts; but, for reasons inexplicable, the lady he married is accused of perpetrating every fault into which the hero slides like all other good mortals. Mrs. Dewey becomes, the moment the once perfect man weakly consents to accept the public's invitation to father the country, a scapegoat for what bids fair to be an undignified campaign. The unfortunate lady cannot even avail herself of religious worship unmolested by the tongues and pens of men; that very worship for which our forefathers established this so-called land of the free. This idle handling by industrious tongues of an inoffensive woman's name does surely indicate that the liberty between sexes runneth into license; that gentlemen have no longer their erstwhile good taste (to say the least) in the handling of a lady's name. Political mud, it

appears, rightfully pertains to political campaigns, but never yet has a country been benefited by political desecration of a woman's integrity, either in large or small affairs. When women reach the point of entering campaigns on their own account they must freely invite eggs and mud, but until that time arrives the part of a gentleman is to wash out his mouth with soap if he feels his tongue wagging without cause.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

THE littleness of the feminine mind is currently illustrated by woman's garrulous whine, constant and prolix, concerning the servant question. This criticism has a stout body, not because the much lamented question is little—far from it!—but because 'tis a small business to whine, no matter how large the disturbance may be.

The question, broadly speaking, has larger proportions than the criticism, where it involves an important branch of all labor troubles. It seems highly improbable that any form of communism is likely soon to arise and do away with all remunerative service. Manual labor must exist until all the natural operations of life are carried on by machinery (Defend us from that calamity!) and capable workmen must exist until our bodies have succumbed entirely to spirit control, as is in some quarters predicted. But how is the labor demand to be satisfied if the culinary supply is exhausted this early in the world's history? At this writing, not a desirable serving girl is to be secured in the manufacturing city of Lynn, Mass., at any price. The factories have literally engulfed even the raw domestic material in the manufacturing towns. And for what reason? Do they pay

better prices than housekeepers? Indeed no—quite the reverse; but the position of mill hand is to the inconsequent mind a step higher in the social scale than that of a domestic servant. There is to be found the root of the servant evils; in the pernicious idea of woman's degradation whenever she touches domesticity in a serving capacity. We are all servants to our own particular master, and honest labor is the healthiest occupation yet devised by man, but so long as poets and painters apostrophise the laborer as a clod, he will be one; so long as the working classes are encouraged in schools or elsewhere to despise their work as unworthy of a truly democratic soul whose only business should be to nominate himself for President, girls of such parents will refuse domestic service, owing to the stain such occupation might leave on their reputation when they become Mrs. President.

Servants will diminish in quality and quantity until there is some revolution in the prevailing idea of democracy. Fine feathers do not make fine birds beneath false plumage; no amount of applied plumage will turn a donkey into a nightingale; no more will a factory girl stand a better chance of being Mrs. President than a good cook, unless she is intrinsically worthy of a prospective President's affection.

This assumption of equality removes servants further and further away from the personal interest and moral solicitude of the mistress of the house. Formerly, even among serfs and slaves, the mistress, were she worthy the name, kept some surveillance over the welfare of her servants, but now any attempt at moral or material influence over the employed is at once productive of "a warning" from the servant—if not a hasty, ill-tempered departure. The servant is too high

and mighty, the employer consequently too indifferent, to admit of the maternal relations existing when the cook was not thinking of the White House, to the detriment of her roast or biscuits.

If this cook were once made to believe her cooking of importance equal to that of political preferment—which it certainly is—she would be more ambitious to shine in her native sphere.

Equality does not exist outside of political rights; even among children born of the same parents there is no equality of endowment; so let the cook plume herself upon her right to be Mrs. President, and remain contented therewith, rather than spoil the dinner by trying the wings she has not.



ELDERLY ACTIVITY

THE chief defect of old age is its unreasonableness regarding the best physical ways of life. Age, after all is said, is only a mental state. A man can be young until his functions are decayed, provided his mind retains sufficient strength of lusty youth to resist the encroachment of time. Some children appear to have lived a hundred years, judging from their gravity of mind, while a man of probably sixty whom I saw recently playing at tennis most skillfully, gave in the agility and spring of his body an impression of extreme physical youth. Old age, as a rule, invites decay by sitting in the chimney corner while there is yet exercise to be had. The elderly tennis player hugged youth, by preserving and increasing muscular vitality; thereby hangs the tale of his popularity among young people with whom he is forced for congenial companionship. Elderly folks lay in wait for death by hugging the fireside when June dances invitingly outside.



It is June: and now the Student
groans beneath his happy fate.
All his people, near and far, must
come to see him graduate.



HOW BILLY SAVED THE DAY

BILLY FRITZSINGER was an integral part of the future generation at its mischievous age. His name was William; his mother called him Willie, his father Will, but a greater part of the inhabitants, irrespective of the parents' wishes in the matter, called him Billy, plain Billy, the printer's devil.

He was youthful, twelve years and one-half in age, sharp enough to stick in the ground and green enough to grow. His hair was red, which illuminated to a very satisfactory degree a crocheted veil of freckles.

His occupation was that of sticking type and the once a week duty of roller washing. But all this Billy didn't mind. He was getting 75 cents a week, learning big work, and acquiring the art of showing other people type lice—for which he made no charge. He was a forward lad, and enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of everybody except his own parents.



One morning Billy was sent over to the lawyer's office for a quantity of "strap-oil," and that worthy dignitary, appreciating the joke, was about to load it on Billy's back in layers, when the sudden in-coming of a client saved the young hopeful from the fifty-first "experience pill" to be swallowed in becoming fully initiated as a printer. Billy didn't know what he had missed, but he did hear the two men talking.

"Isn't there some way in which I can get him to lay it over a day? I can never meet the note by this noon."

"I'm afraid not," said the lawyer in answer; "as far as I see he's got you tight, and can fore-close."

"What shall I do?" asked the man, despairingly.

"I'm sure there's no way out of it. But let me see; yes, you have one chance in a hundred of getting an



extra day of grace. Shylock Watterson is a stickler for promptness. He has written me that he would be here on the strike of the hour of noon. If for any reason he should happen to be delayed, I will close up shop at five minutes past the hour, and the whole thing will have to wait over until tomorrow. He can't complain; I will have waited as long as he asked me to wait."

"Let us hope he'll be late," and the worried man hurried away to renew his efforts to produce money to meet the note.

Billy had heard all of this conversation, and he knew both the man who was in trouble and Shylock Watterson. The former he liked; the latter he despised, as did everybody else, and he desired to defeat the tyranny of the grasping money-loaner, but how was it to be done?

For some minutes after leaving the office Billy scratched his red hair in thought. Then an idea came to him like a flash; it always does to fellows like Billy.

He looked at the clock; it was now nearly twelve.

Slipping into the printing office next door, he twisted a generous supply of printer's ink on the wooden paddle, and going back to the lawyer's shop sat in front of it waiting for the modern Shylock to put in an appearance. He did not have to wait long, for soon he saw the familiar scowling personage coming down the street. With rapid precision, Billy smeared the ink of his paddle on the under side of the office latch; then retreating to a spot around the corner, he waited with

a gleeful grin on his countenance.

The unsuspecting shylock walked up to the door and grasped the latch. His face became a thunder-cloud.

"Damn me! what is it?" he snarled, as he parted his sticky fingers and cautiously smelled them. Billy executed a five-finger exercise at him by way of answer. The Shylock was infuriated, and dashed at Billy with an oath, but Billy was not there. Away they went down the centre of the village street, the crabbed old man, with his frock coat-tails flying in the wind, after the chubby Billy.

The spectators of the sight, although not knowing the meaning, lent their sympathies to Billy.

"Get there; keep it up! You'll wind him yet," they cried in laughter. But Billy didn't need encouraging. He had a peculiar way of falling down ever so often, and springing up again just before being caught. The chase waxed warm, and for several blocks they went, until the money-lender had to give it up, going home to wash his hands and face.

Billy returned to the office. The lawyer was gone, as per agreement, and the worried man was able to meet his note next day satisfactorily. He gladly paid for the washing off of the ink on the lawyer's latch, and gave Billy a generous tip for his lucky action.

But the next day he was sent to the harness shop for "strap oil," where he received it in full measure and his pride was subsequently vanquished. Once more he became in his own estimation only plain, red-headed Billy. But people liked him just the same.

Flynn Wayne



DE SIGHT OF UNCLE SOL

Us all had done met at Saint Abel's church
 To bury Uncle Soloman King.
 His folks done holler, and moan and fell out,
 And done most everything—
 Den dey had us all at meetin' ag'in
 To hear how his fun'al was been.
 Us thought us hearn de last of Unc' Sol
 When de Big Spring 'vival come—
 La! de way our preacher open wid pra'r
 Was 'nough to give tongue to de dumb!
 But everything 'peared to fall sorter flat,
 De folks wa'n't easy to 'cite;
 Us feared de 'stracted meetin' 'ud fail
 Dat very fust Wilderness Night.
 But des as things was de mo'es' dull
 Up rose Uncle 'Ronymus Dan,
 He cl'ar his throat, and he riz his han',
 And he call to our Preacher Man:
 "O, I wante speak to de member ban'!"
 "O, speak up den," say dat Preacher Man,
 "I was off on a vigil last night," says ole Dan,
 "And my vigil swept far and wide,
 I had a mighty high hill to climb,



"'I was off on a vigil last night,' says ole Dan"

Wid heaven on t'o'er side—
 De wall was straight, and de wall was sleek,
 And de wall was very tall—"
 Heah some of de members dey riz a groan
 Which de preacher ain't brought at all.
 "Dar was nairy a notch, nor nairy a crotch,
 In de whole er de height of de wall,
 So I clumb by de ends of my fingers, des so—
 Lak a climbin' vine does grow;
 So scratchin' and climbin' I reich de top—

Den! Sisters! De view inside—"

(Heah de Sisters riz a moan—Um-hum)



"Uncle Sol sat under dat fritter tree"

"De past'er fields was green and was wide—"
 (Um-hum!)

"And I seed Uncle Soloman King—"
 (Um-hum)

"He had de bes' seat dat heaven could bring—"
 (Um-Hum!)

"He sat beside of de 'lasses pool—"
 (My Lord!)

"Lasses made by de ver' bes' ole time rule—"
 (He-yeh!)

"And rollin' wide in a rich, sweet pool—"
 (Um-hum!)

"De pool was rich, and sweet, and wide—
 And de pretties' fritter-tree growed beside—"
 (Dar!)

"Uncle Sol sat under dat fritter-tree,
 Whar fritters hung thick as leaves do be;
 When he hongry he des hatter reach up, I see,
 And grab a good handful offer dat tree
 And eat as commjious as 'mojious can be,
 Des dippin' dem fritters right inter dat pool
 And soppin' and eatin' away in de cool!"
 (Um-hum!)

Oh, la! den dat preacher he snatch up de word
 And fer groanin' and moanin' he scurce could
 be heard;

He 'zorted de members to try fer dat seat,
 And he 'lowed in all heaven hit could nt be
 beat—

Dat seat of Uncle Soloman King.

Martha Young

A TALE OF A MAN WHO SNORED

William Adolphus Fitzhugh-Brown
Was a pious and godly chap,
But he had, alas! one grievous fault,
For he snored like a thunder-clap.

His snores filled the midnight hours with sound,
Like the beat of the restless sea;
And watch-dogs sleeping for blocks around
Would awake in fear, and flee.

William Adolphus Fitzhugh-Brown
Wedded a maiden fair,
And they went away on a bridal trip,
Like any young wedded pair.

Now, Mrs. W. A. Fitzhugh-Brown
Was a woman meek and mild,
But she never had heard such awful snores,
And they nearly drove her wild.

She laid awake all night and cried—
With her fingers in her ears—
And it seemed to her that the length of the night
Was a couple of thousand years.

The fair young bride, with her life thus wrecked
On the shore of the connubial sea,
Put down her foot: "You must not snore,
Or I'll get a divorce," said she.

To a doctor he told his awful plight,
And his voice with sobs was thick;
And he felt as the farmer feels who finds
That he's purchased a gilded brick.

The doctor looked most wondrous wise,
And said: "If you would not snore,
Put a clothespin tight on your nose at night,
And I'm sure you will snore no more."

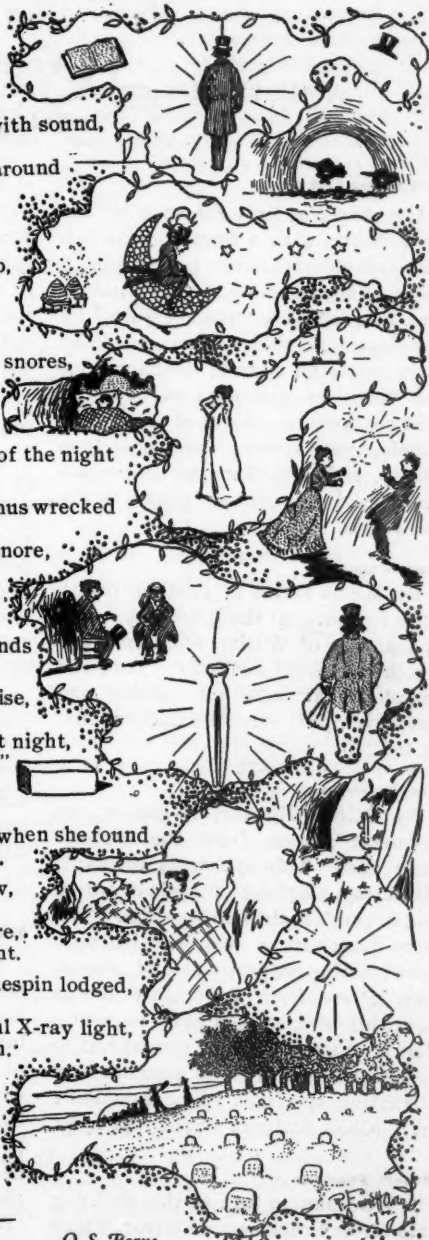
A clothespin on his nose was clasped
When he went to bed that night,
And his young bride sobbed with joy when she found
That the clothespin worked all right.

But alas! in his sleep he restless grew,
For the clothespin clasped him tight.
He opened his mouth for a mighty snore,
And the clothespin vanished from sight.

In his vermiform appendix the clothespin lodged,
And the doctors worked in vain.
Though they searched with a powerful X-ray light,
They never found the clothespin again.

Up on the hillside, under the trees—
Far away from the hurrying town—
They dug a grave one summer's day,
And planted poor Fitzhugh-Brown.

Mrs. W. A. Fitzhugh-Brown
Wore mourning for just a year;
But now she's captured another man—
And the wedding, they say, is near.



O. S. Borne

A GLANCE



AT BOOKS

Red Blood and Blue

Is a charming little romance of the New South, with a flavor of ante-bellum days about the older personages. A noble-minded, red-blooded hero and his blue-blooded lady love are united by the depth of their affection. The book contains a vivid description of the battle of Santiago; perhaps the best yet written. Tales of this sort—simple, yet stirring—are none too plenty, and Mr. Harrison Robertson deserves much praise. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Mary Paget

By Minna Smith is another pretty little romance of the Bermudas. The appearance of William Shakespeare is a rather unusual and clever idea, and the plot is at once entertaining and well developed. (MacMillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Touchstone

By Edith Wharton, is one of the cleverest stories from the author's keen pen. This author is brilliant, dissecting, playful and tragic by turns, and her style is clear and artistic. The story deals with a man who has published intimate, personal and almost love letters, from a woman who was never his wife, subsequently regretting that the need of money caused him to do such a thing. It is an exceptionally attractive specimen of book maker's art. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Robert Tournay

It is a relief to turn to this thrilling tale of the French era of terror, which

is of sufficient picturesqueness to furnish material for more romances. From Mr. Sage's well told story one gets a pleasanter idea of Danton and, if possible, a more abhorrent one of Robespierre than from the more prosaic pages of general history. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.)

Pocket Island

There is a subtle element in a story of country life, if well told, that appeals to most readers of fiction, both those who are familiar with the scenes portrayed, and those who have never known rural delights. Mr. Charles Clark Munn in "Pocket Island" portrays country life of a generation ago in a way so charming that the readers can almost fancy themselves among green fields and shady woods, or beside running brooks. The romance of a boy's love and its growth and culmination in later years is prettily told, and there is no lack of adventure to add spice to the tale. (Abbey Press, New York. \$1.00.)

The Queen's Garden

A simple and natural story by M. E. M. Davis of a blonde-haired little beauty named Nora Lepeyre, who lands in New Orleans on the eve of an epidemic, loses her nearest earthly relation without ever seeing her, and falls in love with a young neighbor named Richard Strong. A deftly woven fairy motif throughout the tale enhances its peculiar power. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Unleavened Bread

The pages of this clever little book teem with sarcastic and kind observations upon American character, customs, society and morals. The country's unequalled adaptability and progress, its superficiality and hypocrisy come alike under the author's scathing judgment. The rather unreal heroine is a concrete personification of Judge Grant's theories regarding certain tendencies of modern life; an awful warning against overpowering "individuality." But the tale is very well told and emphatically interesting. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

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The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment

A certain whimsical way of putting things, unbetrayed by Oscar Fay Adams' previous volumes, deserves criticism and often compels admiration in the seven stories bound together under the title of the first. Certain it is that there is nothing in literature just like the account of the young prelate who stumbled and fell at the moment when a malicious pig crossed his path, or the tale of the church dignitary who had a past, and who confronted it in a very human, but in the most "lady-or-the-tigerish" sort of way. And it is no sacrilege to smile among ourselves at these necessary limitations of Anglican ecclesiastics. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

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On General Thomas' Staff

By Byron A. Dunn, in the "Young Kentuckian" series, published by McClurg & Co., of Chicago, is a thrilling tale of our civil war, with a full complement of side skirmishes, daring deeds and hard fought battles. The style of the narrative is concise and forcible; and there are a number of new and clever incidents, which give a flavor of novelty to the author's well-worn background. The personal

view of Generals Halleck, Buell, Rosecrans, Grant and Thomas are interesting; and the reader is invited to form a fresh and more pleasing conception of the Confederate guerilla chief, John Morgan, than he has educed from history. The book will undoubtedly find a large circle of friends among the young people, for whom it was written.

||||

Smith College Stories

Not to be outdone by the various Yale Yarns, Harvard Episodes and Cornell Stories recently published, Josephine Daskam Dodge has just thrown down a very pretty gauntlet in her "Smith College Stories," which give a fascinating picture of Northampton life with its incidents and intrigues. Every one of the sketches is bright and eminently readable; and one called "A Family Affair," is exceedingly lifelike and artistic. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

||||

Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe

Anyone wishing to learn about the famous people who lived between the years 1819 and 1899, and get a fresh, original view of men and occurrences of that period, cannot do better than to read the "Reminiscences" of Julia Ward Howe, recently given to the public. The book is full of those "side lights" on events and personages so dear to the general reader. Mrs. Howe's account of life as she has seen it is most interesting. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

||||

Out of the Past

By Eleanor Hooper Coryell, is a strange, melodramatic story, rather crude in style, but full of movement and adventure. The book, published by Messrs. Street and Smith, of New York, is a model in the art of effective book making.



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

First Prize: Mr. John L. Burns,
1438 South Penn Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize: Mr. Samuel M.
Warns, 1766 E. North Ave., Balti-
more, Md.

Third Prize: Mr. William P. White,
1012 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul,
Minn.

Fourth Prize: Mr. Hyman Asko-
with, Albion St., Boston, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN APRIL

Literature

1. About 1337, Petrarch, finding himself still agitated by his love for Laura, determined to withdraw to the solitude of Vacluse, and purchased a cottage and small estate. He thus wrote of his charming retreat: "This lovely region is as well adapted as possible to my studies and labors, so long as iron necessity compels me to live outside of Italy. Morning and evening the hills throw welcome shadows, in the valleys are sun-warmed gaps, while far and wide stretches a lovely landscape in which the tracks of animals are seen oftener than those of men. Deep and undisturbed silence reigns everywhere, only broken now and then by the murmur of the falling waters, and the songs of birds. In the morning I wander over the hills, in the evening through the meadows, or in that rocky garden near the fountain which Nature has made more beautiful than could the art of man. This little spot under the rocks in the midst of the waters, is more suited than any other to inspire profound thoughts by which the most idle minds may feel themselves lifted to lofty contempla-

tion. I could pass my whole life here, were it not so far from Italy, so near to Avignon."

2. In August, 1792, Talleyrand solicited a temporary mission to London from the provisory executive. He remained in London during the whole of 1793 and a portion of 1794. A decree of the convention being issued against Talleyrand during his stay in England, he was forced by the Alien Bill to leave England. He came to the United States and was landed at Philadelphia. He remained in the United States two years and a half, traveling inland and visiting the prominent cities and meeting the most distinguished men. The proscription being recalled in 1795, he returned to France. According to his desires, his memoirs under his own hand were not to appear until 1890.

3. In 1827 Victor Hugo published "Cromwell," a drama too long for representation. The celebrated preface of this work expounds the doctrines of that Romantic school of which he was the recognized leader, and which, breaking away from the ancient rules of the classic theatre, strove to paint the different epochs of history with more exactness; also to speak with a language freer and more natural. Victor Hugo was exiled from France in 1851 for battling against the "Coup d'Etat" of Napoleon III. In his "History of a Crime," the cause is told at length.

4. Port Royal, a Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1204. It had for its object the education of youths. In 1626, the Abbey being small, the seminary was transferred to Paris. From this time the history of Port Royal becomes of general interest. Influenced by Du-

vergie de Hauranne, Abbe of St. Cyran, the friend of Jansen, and leader of the anti-Jesuit movement in France, the community became the fervent supporter of Jansenism against the Sorbonne. From 1636 the monastery of Port Royal was the retreat of scholars who worked with their hands and taught youths. In 1790 the monastery was suppressed. Racine, the great French poet, passed three years at Port Royal.

5. Moliere (Jean Baptiste Poquelin) was born at Paris in 1622. After finishing a course of study at the college of the Jesuits, he succeeded his father as upholsterer and valet-de-chambre to Louis XIV. His greatest desire was, as soon as his services to the king should be ended, to play in comedy. He secretly joined a comic troupe and, too respectful toward his family to compromise the name of "Poquelin," he took that of Moliere, which had been that of a comedian who had died a short time previously. Moliere the comedian died in 1673, but Moliere the poet can never die. Though a fanatical populace outraged his ashes, yet the glory of his works is immortal. The "French Academy," of which he was not a member, put upon his bust this inscription, which expresses at the same time an homage and a regret: "Nothing is wanting to his glory, but he was wanting to ours."

Art

1. Pierre-Jean David was born in Angers in 1792. In 1811 he won the great prize of sculpture. While pursuing his studies in Rome he came very much under the ardent influence of Canova. He took the name of Angers from his birthplace, whose citizens conferred upon him an annuity. An ardent lover of liberty, he was arrested after the Coup d'Etat of Napoleon III. Among the numerous busts executed by David d'Angers is one of Washington.

2. The family of Vernet was noted for the father, son and grandson being painters. Claude Joseph Vernet, born in 1714 at Paris, lived in Rome twenty years, when he was recalled to Paris. The remarkable series of the seaports of France are the works by which he is best known. His son, Antoine

Charles Horace Vernet, born 1758, distinguished himself at the exhibition of 1791 by his "Triumph of Paulus Emilius," "The Battle of Marengo" obtained great success, and for his "Morning of Austerlitz" Napoleon bestowed on him the Legion of Honor. Emile Jean Horace Vernet, son of Charles, was born in 1789. He is especially noted as a battle painter. He commonly painted *alla prima*, as the Italians express it, that is, without any retouching. His work is seen to great advantage at Versailles, in the Hall of Constantine.

3. Paul Delaroche was first a landscape painter, afterwards represented familiar scenes of history. He chose qualities from both the classic and romantic schools which were striving against each other in his time. He married the only daughter of Emile Jean Horace Vernet, who is introduced as a Roman peasant in her father's painting of "Raphael Encountering Michael Angelo on the Steps of the Vatican."

4. Madame Vigée Le Brun was born in Paris in 1755, and died in that city in 1842. During the life of Madame Le Brun no public establishment in France possessed any of her works. After her death Madame and M. Tripiere le France presented to the Louvre two of the pictures which became their heritage on their aunt's death. These two paintings are "A Portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun with her Daughter in Her Arms," the other "A Portrait of a Young Girl with a Muff."

5. Jean Louis Charles Garnier was born in Paris in 1825 and died in 1898. He entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts 1842, and gained the great prize in 1848. In 1854 he was appointed sous-inspector of the work of restoration of Tower of Saint Jacques. In 1861 he competed with the leading architects of Paris, and his plans were unanimously adopted for the new Paris Opera House, which was completed under his directions in 1875. In 1860 he was appointed architect to the city of Paris. In 1871 he wrote "A Study of the Theatre," which is a complete manual that will serve in future to guide all architects charged with the construction of theatres. The Observatory at Nice and the Casino at Monaco were also designed by him.

General

1. In 1627 the royal army laid siege to Rochelle, the capital and stronghold of the Huguenots. Richelieu superintended every operation. To cut off the town from the sea, he ordered a gigantic mole of stone to be built across the harbor. Twice the dyke was swept away by storm; twice it was rebuilt. Twice a powerful English fleet essayed to relieve the starving citizens, twice it was forced to retire. When the city surrendered, after a siege of over a year, scarcely 150 soldiers survived and the streets were strewn with bodies which the living were too weak to bury.

2. The word "nicotine" owes its origin to Jean Nicot, born in 1530, who first introduced the usage of tobacco into France. He was ambassador at Portugal and there the existence of the exotic plant was made known to him. He regarded it entirely from a medical point of view and with that intention sent it to France with instructions for its culture, the gathering and preserving of its leaves. As Jean Nicot was born at Nismes, it has been proposed to erect a monument in that city to his memory, in the form of a snuff box, and inscribed "Dieu vous bénisse."

3. Troy weight is so called with reference to Troyes, a town in France of considerable importance in the fourteenth century. Nearly all the principal towns or seats of commerce in the middle ages had their own weights and measures, the pound, foot, gallon, etc., varying from one town to another. The pound of Troyes in the early part of the fourteenth century was adopted to some extent in other places and in England, but was then specifically designated as "Troyes."

4. In the village of Carnac, in France, there are druidical monuments consisting of more than five thousand granite blocks in the form of obelisks, resting on their points, and disposed in eleven rows parallel with the coast. Some are fully sixteen feet high.

5. The Oriflamme was the early royal ensign of France. It was said to have been sent from Heaven in the time of Clovis and preserved in the Abbey of St. Denis. It was made of red silk, covered with golden flames, and its staff was a golden spear. From

its glowing color it was called the "Oriflamme." Some authorities give Louis VI., and others Philip I., credit for adopting it as the royal banner.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JUNE

Literature

1. Who was Mezzofanti?
2. What young Virginia girl has sprung into popular favor as a novelist, her last book, recently out, having had a sale, in one month, of 125,000?
3. From what did Charlotte Bronte get the idea of her "Vilette?"
4. Did Pope himself do all the translating and the notes of his "Odyssey?"
5. In the struggle of what people was the poet Campbell so interested that his very heart seemed to be with them?

Art

1. What famous portrait painter was a native of Ausburg, South Germany?
2. What great musical composer was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, and who founded a church there?
3. What are the chief decorations in the Church of St. Ursula, in Cologne, Germany?
4. Where is the organ that was played by Mozart when he was only ten years old?
5. What was the old method of bronze casting, known as "cire perdue", employed by such artists as Cellini?

General

1. Who discovered the compass?
3. What was the origin of the now famous Passion Play, at Oberammergau?
3. Where are cowhair carpets made?
4. Who said to Francis I., "I could put your Paris in my yard," and what did he mean?
5. What very important event occurred in 1639?

PRIZES FOR JUNE

First Prize: "To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston.

Second Prize: "The Son of the Wolf," by Jack London.

Third Prize: Siechel Madonna.

Fourth Prize: "So Runs the World," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.



The Just before Kipling left
Absent-Minded England he was lunch-
Poet ing at a restaurant in
Fleet street much patronized by the
literary and artistic set. In a fit of
absence of mind Kipling got up from
his seat and began walking away
without paying his score. The wait-
ress, with a readiness of wit which de-
lighted the whole room, called out,
"Mr. Kipling—pay, pay, pay," the well-
known refrain of the "Absent-Minded
Beggar."—*London Madame.*

Great Times Geography, in itself a
These for tiresome thing, perhaps,
Map Study! concerned with such
soulless matters as lengths, depths,
heights, gains interest so soon as it es-
tablishes a connection with the history
of kingdoms, and the ambitions, for-
tunes, or passions of mankind; so that
men may pore over a map with more
eagerness than the greatest of ro-
mances can excite, or scan a country-
side with a keenness that no picture
could evoke. (Anthony Hope Haw-
kins, "Captain Dieppe," Short Novel

Series. Doubleday & McClure Co.,
New York.)

An Artist In an enchantingly retired
and His country place some four
Work miles from Westfield,
Mass., at Mt. Tekoa, close to the ruins

J. J. LA VALLEY



of the Farley gun armory, (Revolution-
ary period) surrounded by rocks of all
sizes and shapes, some of them famous

in Indian history, is the summer studio of J. J. LaValley, artist and poet. Various canvases in cultured homes throughout the country already testify to the consummate skill with which this skilled master of the brush and palette catches the hazy luxuriance of blossoming upland, the ripe beauty of freshly plucked fruit, or the dusty splendor of roses in full bloom. That he is a poet is proved by his interpre-

free scope, within competently outlined bounds, of personal imagination, is the student's safest course to pursue."

§ § §

Excellent in the Part of Lady Babbie The able forces of Charles Frohman include several deserving young aspirants for dramatic laurels, but none who wins more spontaneous favor than Miss Lillian Sullivan,

MISS LILLIAN SULLIVAN



whose picture is herewith presented. Criticism of a very high order has within the past month declared "Miss Sullivan is the sort of understudy we read about, but very seldom see," and again, "Miss Sullivan is the ideal minx of a Lady Babbie, with the timid bravery making the character so irresistible."

From the vantage ground of "Micah Dow" in "The Little Minister," her analysis of Miss Maude Adams' part has been so keen, and her "understudying" so conscientious that her advancement is simply a matter of course. Personally she is charmingly unassuming, a hard worker and best of all, unsatisfied with "pattern interpretations" in creating certain characters, and an earnest student of human nature as well. The role of "Victoire" in "Never Again" (her only other character, by the way) was so well taken that Mr. Frohman kept her at it for fifty-four weeks! She graduated from Villa Maria, in Montreal, as did also Katherine Florence and many others known to fame.

§ § §

All Under the Greenwood Tree Canonization of Miss Alice Lounsberry, poet-scientist, and Mrs. Ellis Rowan, artist, will be advocated by any one who reads their beautiful book, "A Guide to the Trees" (Fred-

tation of Nature's tenderest moods with Nature's most sympathetic coloring; a poet not without "honor in his own country"—for his works never remain long unsold. Doing, rather than talking, seems his forte. But this thought I brought away with me from lips that rarely utter a superfluous word: "The great successes are pictures which have a meaning—a reason for being painted. Individuality and

erick A. Stokes Company, New York.) Reviewers who love to read all of a good book, will fall captive before the

and five pounds more in a quarter of a year. . . August 18, 1679. Came home and found my Indian girl had

IN THE FOREST



From painting by J. Von Klever

Courtesy Melvin W. Kenney, Moulton Photo Co.

pages of this book, whose leaves, like those of sylvan glades, seem to catch all the sunshine and just the tints of nature. Such a book is this for the poor Shut-Ins! It is a veritable temple fit for dedication to Diana, Val-lonia, Daphne, Apollo, Pan and all the rest of them.



The The most complete and sat-
Servant isfactory town history in
Question existence to-day is the
1679 "History of Milton, Mass.,"
(668 pages) by the Rev. Albert K. Teele,
settled for twenty-five years over the
First Church (Congregational) there.
Among other interesting features it
contains the diary of Rev. Peter
Thacher, first pastor of Milton, from
which these extracts are made.

"May 7, 1679. I bought an Indian
of Mr. Checkly. Was to pay five
pounds a month after I received her,

liked to have knocked my Theodora
on head by letting her fall; whereupon
I took a good walnut stick and beat the
Indian to purpose till she promised to
do so no more. . . August 24, 1682.
I went to Boston, sought about for a
man, but could buy no English serv-
vant. Had the offer of a negro for
twenty pounds. . . June 18, 1683.
My negro, Ebed, ran away. Neighbor
Mann went after him. . . June 19.
Brother Houghton met my negro by
Cambridge. . . July 16. I went to
J. Daniels and paid him twenty shil-
lings I borrowed to pay for bringing
home my negro." The householder of
two centuries ago had troubles of
his own. "They also serve who only
stand and wait." To return to the
text, they also serve their day and
generation admirably who give to the
world such a comprehensive and read-
able work as Dr. Teele's very adequate
"History of Milton."



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

WHEN a young man has reached the mature age of five and twenty he is competent to marry. At one and twenty he is merely a "boy"—so says Mr. Bok.

His recent editorial in "The Ladies' Home Journal," classifying all young men under twenty-five years of age as "boys," and unfit to become husbands, is unjust to American manhood. When Mr. Bok advises a young woman not to accept a husband "under twenty-five years, of age" he favors a social policy which too often brings a curse upon the American home.

Mr. Bok is one of our greatest editors, and has done a commendable work. He has been an inspiration to young people, in holding up right ideals. But in advising young men and young women on the sacred institutions of love and marriage, he has given counsel that worldly sagacity is all there is to live for. But marry under twenty-five!—they must not! So says Mr. Bok.

Every man over thirty, knows of the temptations that beset young men from twenty-one to twenty-five, which often takes from them all appreciation

of the tender and idealized sacredness of womanhood. Every man knows, who knows anything of life, that the sweetest, holiest and purest affection of his life is given before he is twenty-one. I am writing of facts now, and not evolving a fashionable formula as to the means and methods of falling in love. The proposition to extend the "age limit" for marriage four years beyond the time at which our sturdy forefathers believed a boy was ready to vote and become an American citizen capable of being the head of a household, is certainly a fallacious doctrine. Such responsibilities and rights make the boy a man. But this "experience" can only come at twenty-five. So says Mr. Bok.

Are the young men of to-day less manly, less able to take up the responsibilities of life at twenty-one than our fathers were? Are young men becoming so effeminate that they must remain under guardianship and in kilts until they are twenty-five years of age?

Between twenty-one and twenty-five is the period most likely to develop the selfish and skeptical man of

the world, and statistics show that it is not the young man under twenty-five who makes all the greatest matrimonial blunders.

An exception must be made of the college man, although in many cases he would be far better under the influence of a home of his own, looking forward to the time when he must become the protector and head of a family, than dragging his ideals through a curriculum of tares and wild oats.

Is it better that without the God-given incentive and responsibilities of a home in which he and the girl he loves can fearlessly meet life, he should spend more years as the \$10 a week clerk, hopelessly and despondently waiting because he is not "twenty-five" and must not marry? So says Mr. Bok.

Can it be that the chief purpose of American girls in marriage is "to be taken care of?" Does the average American young woman, the real strength of the nation, set above the heaven born duty and privilege of wifehood and motherhood the glitter of gold and the sheen of silk? We leave unconsidered the pampered darlings of our monied aristocracy. Let them purchase, if they will, the life companionship of debauched rouses and titled spendthrift fortune-hunters, (always over twenty-five and "experienced") and purchase splendid misery, or worse, at the highest market price.

The average young woman—the daughter of the mechanic, the farmer, the small trader—is she afraid to face the world, as her mother did—by the side of the man she loves, because he has not yet lived a quarter of a century. Had she rather thump a typewriter eight hours a day, stand behind the counter, or toil in shop or factory to preserve

her "independence" (God save the mark!) as thousands of our young women are doing to-day, and wait for "the boy to grow to twenty-five," to provide her with the things her father and mother worked side by side and heart to heart to gain?

Are the responsibilities and trials which our mothers faced and endured, making their memory sacred to us as sons, to be denied the true and loyal American girls of to-day, until their lovers spend four years more as "boys?" Bosh, Mr. Bok, Bosh!

If pure, happy family life is valued, let the boy become a man when nature decrees. Let him be privileged to assume even at twenty-one the responsibilities of a household. Let him bring early in life to the girl he loves, pure manhood and devotion, untainted and unselfish, as God intended.

ONE of the ambitions of "The National Magazine" has been to have editorial staff representatives at all important strategic points in the world, so that our readers can be given authentic and comprehensive observations on all of the great world movements which are at this time—more than ever—of vital concern to the American people. In other words we desire to always maintain a keen timeliness in the contents of the magazine.

This purpose in a periodical has been assailed by some critics who insist that the magazine should remain the product of the study, rather than the city room of a newspaper. We must take issue with this position. The timeliness and aggressiveness of the ten-cent magazines is what has built up mammoth circulations and stimulated general periodical reading, while the high-priced magazines,

smacking of the "study" and resuscitated encyclopedia have been falling off. The ten-cent monthly magazine meets a public want which no newspaper can supply, and there is no reason for this jealous criticism. The American people evidently desire up-to-date, authentic and carefully prepared information on all the great living questions of the hour.

"The National Magazine" was the first periodical to send a staff correspondent to the Philippines, and Mr. MacQueen's articles were authentic and filled a need. He is now in South Africa with the same purpose in view. With staff representatives already sent direct from the home office of "The National Magazine" to China, South Africa, Cape Nome, India, Persia, Paris, London and Berlin, we feel safe in promising some exceptional articles to our readers during the year on live subjects. On June 2, Robert T. Fowler and wife will sail for New Zealand, where they are to reside three years, and will write articles on the actual test of socialism in governmental affairs. Some of the most progressive ideas in government we inherit from these newer and more isolated countries, where there is no timidity in experimenting, and where precedent is not absolutely entrenched.

The international exchange of ideas is certain to be fruitful of good results, and the magazines in getting at the root of these questions and keeping in touch with the world movements, discussing and publishing demonstrated facts inside of weeks instead of years, have certainly fulfilled a great mission.

The people look to magazines to-day for facts on which to base safe conclusions—not for the array of "big" names paraded in the old "review"

style, with plenty of platitudes and poverty of fact; but with the living, breathing facts, action, the atmosphere of the case presented by eye-witnesses and trained observers and thinkers, whether newspaper men or by erudite college professors, smacking of the "study" or city news room.

The imputation that newspaper writers are not competent magazine contributors is not true. In our experience, the articles—yes, the stories, that have attracted the most attention in the magazine have been from those who have had newspaper training, and "The National Magazine" insists upon being a periodical of to-day—not yesterday, believing it will not only be more satisfactory to readers of the present, but to students of the future, who can obtain a comprehensive idea of the thought of our time in the bound volumes of "The National Magazine" which are increasing in value every year.

HAVE you two friends who you think ought to subscribe for "The National Magazine"? Send in their subscriptions and obtain a handsome bound copy of either "To Have and To Hold" or "David Harum" for your trouble. We intend to continue offering a copy of the latest success in good works as a premium for two subscribers for a year at \$1.00 each, and the postage. It is the mission of a periodical to stimulate the circulation of good literature. We have sent out thousands of books to all parts of the country. If you want to own a library of the best books, just keep in touch with "The National Magazine" subscription propositions, and at the same time your friends will appreciate your kindness in bringing their attention to the best family periodical of to-day.